Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom.

'Go To It' with "TripleX"-and Get There!



1/-

# The Sketch

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

PARIPAN ENAMEL

"The more you wash it, the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

EVERY AVAILABLE VARIETY OF FINE FOOD AT FORTNUM & MASON PICCADILLY

Welcome Always—Keep it Handy

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

QUEEN'S—THE ORIGINAL SPORTSMAN'S—DRY

McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

-ALL THE GOODNESS OF BRITISH WHEAT

Cerebos Salt

THE SALT OF HOSPITALITY

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

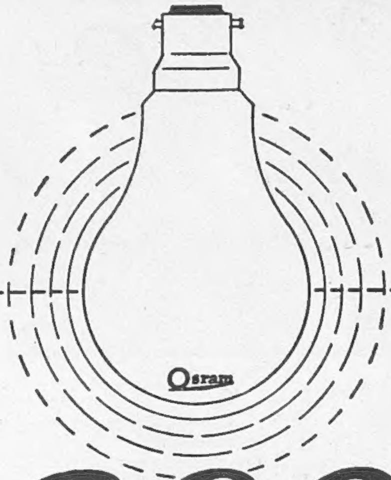
UNITED BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

BYRON HOUSE, 7/9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1


PRICE ONE SHILLING: BY INLAND POST 1/2
Canada and Newfoundland 1d.: Foreign 1½d.

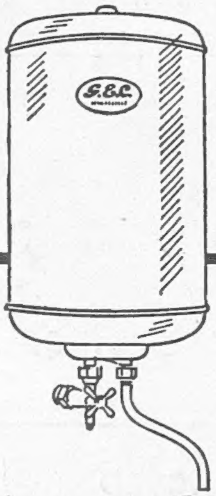
FOR CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY OF "THE SKETCH" SEE FOOT OF ANOTHER PAGE.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4.




# G.E.C.
## QUALITY PRODUCTS

*One safe rule in making a wartime purchase of an electrical necessity—whether replacing old for new, or something new to save time for other work—is to insist upon a G.E.C. quality product*




**Everything Electrical for the home**

Sold by all Electrical Suppliers

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

OFFICERS'
## UNIFORMS
for the
WOMEN'S SERVICES

A very distinctive feature of a woman's uniform from Moss Bros. is that while conforming strictly to pattern, it retains that nice touch of individuality which comes of really first-class tailoring. The W.R.N.S. Bridge Coat of "superfine" cloth shown in the photograph, gives you some idea of what Moss Bros. can do. Like officers' uniforms for all the women's services, we make it to measure in the shortest possible time. All accessories are supplied ready to wear.

Please write for Women's Price List.

# MOSS BROS
& CO. LTD.
COVENT GARDEN

Corner of KING ST. & BEDFORD ST., W.C.2. TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

*Also 3/5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester 2; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth. And Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Salisbury Shrivenham, and York*

ESTABLISHED 1800

# GROUSE
BRAND
# WHISKY

*- a heritage from the highlands*

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, LTD., PERTH, SCOTLAND.

# The Sketch

No. 2503—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

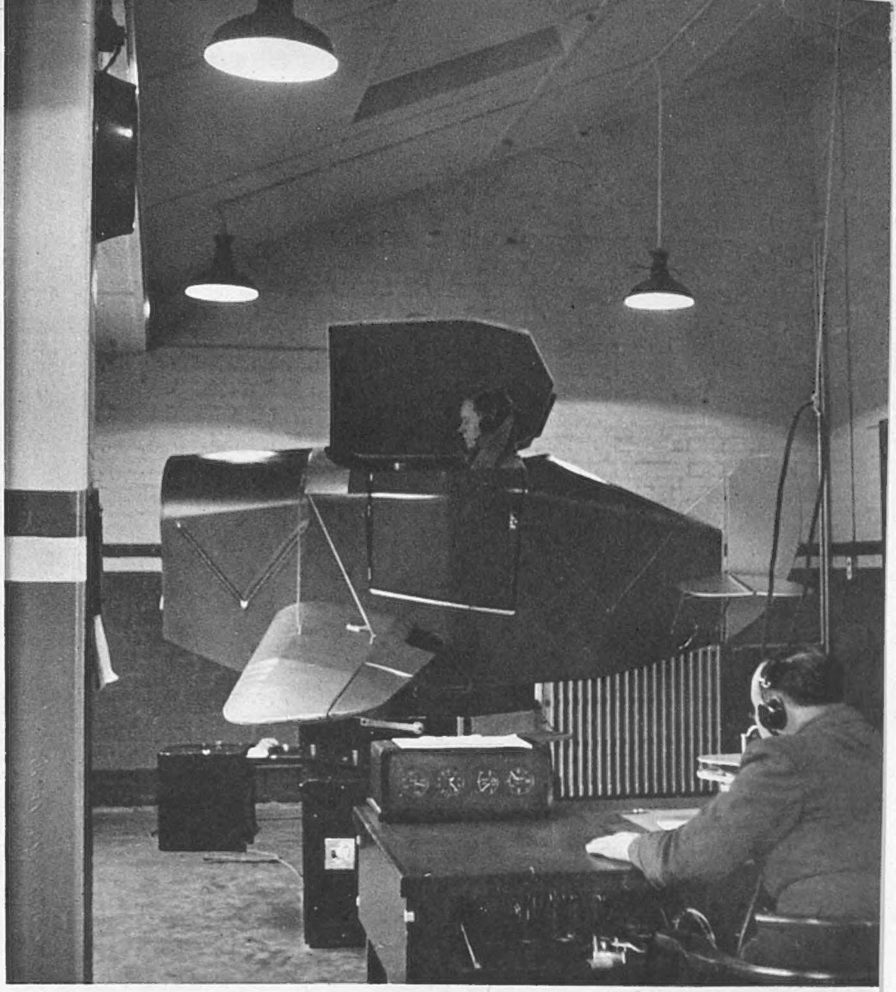
PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

## MILITARY OBJECTIVES ONLY!

*Tense, concentrated young pilots of the R.A.F. studying the science of map-reading under expert tuition. Military objectives only, is the motto of our bombers, and, in order to ensure this, it's essential that our pilots should be very highly skilled in the art of map-reading and aerial navigation, so that they know exactly what enemy factory, port, or concentration of war material they are going to "plaster."*

# HOW THE R.A.F. MAKES ITS WONDERFUL PILOTS:

The instructor giving a lesson on Morse signalling.



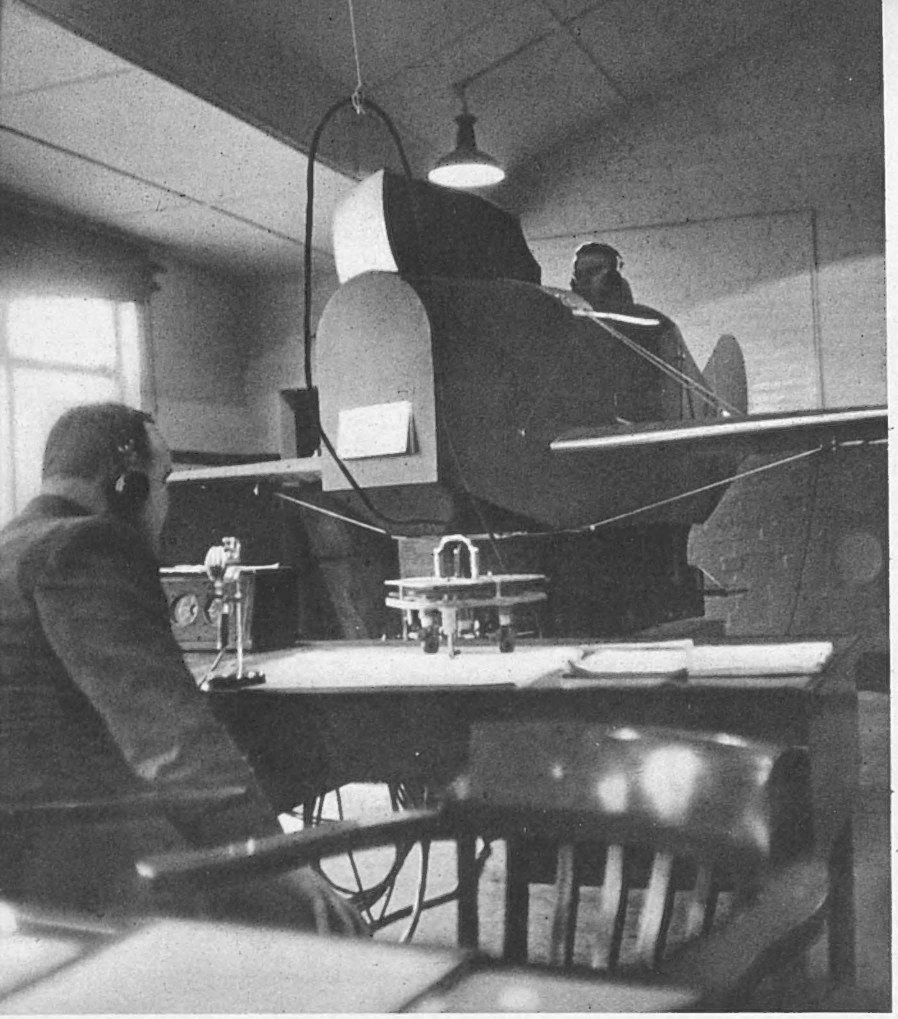
*Learning to fly in the link-trainer apparatus. Instructions are issued to the pupil by the officer in the foreground.*

*Future pilots at work. Marks up to 60 per cent. must be obtained in the mid-course mathematical examination at the Initial Training Wing.*

*Learning the use of the all-important machine-gun from the gun instructor.*

The success which our pilots have scored, and continue to score, against both Germans and Italians is largely due to the superior methods of trai which the R.A.F. have adopted. It is no easy thing to learn to be a pilot, an airman such as those of whom Herbert Asquith wrote, "The speed valour lifts them up and strength obeys their call." The training falls into four separate, but continuous sections. First, general trai ning an Air Force career; then a period at a school of the Initial Training Wing, where elementary instruction is given in mathematics, navigation, arı name signals, the link-trainer and drill. In the mid-course examination at the I.T.W. 60 per cent. marks or over must be obtained in mathematics. Oı leav

# HARD STUDY TO ACHIEVE MASTERY OF FIGHTER OR BOMBER.



*The instructor giving orders to the pupil in the link-trainer.*

*Signals are an important subject. This class is studying flash signals.*

*The embryo pilot goes up for a dual flying lesson with the instructor.*

*Back from a solo flight, with his parachute equipment slung on his back.*

the recruit goes to an Elementary Training Flying School, and though he has not yet been in the air, by then the powers that be have summed his capabilities and have decided if he should be trained as a pilot, a navigator, or an air-gunner. At the Elementary Training Flying School he s how to handle light aircraft, doing dual and then solo flying, and has to know how to read his aircraft instruments and maps, study navigation, and bombs still further, and do some mild "aerobatics." Then comes the Service Training Flying School, where the embryo pilots concentrate either ghter or bomber 'planes. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.)

# MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

**Fire Over England.** The ancients seem to have regarded it as very public-spirited of Prometheus to bring fire from heaven, but it is open to question whether he was really a benefactor of the human race. If the myth were not so positive on the point, one might have supposed that it was from another place, which specialises in the product, that Prometheus obtained the devouring element. Anyhow, wherever he got it, he had to steal it; the gods, knowing its dangers, were not prepared to let it out of their own hands, but this presumptuous mortal thought he knew better than they. There must be sardonic, I-told-you-so laughter on Olympus when they watch London burning. I have to admit that fire, properly controlled, has its uses and that it would have been difficult for the race to get on without it. We are all Salamanders, for we live in and by the sun, and without it we die. We take little sparks and jets of the sun and harness them to our pots and pans; our whole earthly globe Anatole France once described as "a speck of mud lit by a spark of fire." But when we use the life-giver for purposes of death and destruction—why, then we begin to wonder whether it would not have been better if Prometheus had kept his hands from picking and stealing.

*"It simply says, 'Danger, land mines.'"*
DRAWN BY SILENUS.

**The Doing and Undoing.** See where this frenzy has brought us! For the first time in history, every material work of civilisation is in danger of being rendered null and void, as if it had never been. With infinite labour and cost, we have planted every kind of handiwork all over the earth's surface, never dreaming that the whole circumambient atmosphere above them made them as insecure as if we had built them on sand. Go on intensifying this mania of destruction (as it certainly will be intensified)—spread it all over the world—and the works of man for thousands of years will be "one with Nineveh and Tyre." What is more, so long as this threat endures, men will never devote time and imagination and ambition and money to building what can be smashed down in a few seconds or burned down in a few hours. I don't wonder the gods cackle, for the whole business is even more comic than tragic. Will not the moment come when men will give up this idiocy, if not on account of its wickedness, at least on account of its absurdity? If not, the human race has lost all sense of humour, and had better go up in one final, monster bonfire. Perhaps a comet, or the sun, will see to that!

**Turning Day into Night.** Meanwhile it's all very well to talk about fire and sunlight, but their influence is not very obvious on these winter-summer mornings. I suppose it is wise and necessary to make glorious summertime of the winter of our discontent, but there is, to me, something slightly uncanny about getting up at midnight and breakfasting by moonlight. It gives me an eerie sensation to hear owls hooting at me while I am having my bath. (It's odd, but you can't get owls and other creatures of the wilds to take any notice of Emergency Legislation!) And it definitely hurts me when an Air Raid Warden (one of my own subordinates, too—I've trained him too well, that's the trouble!) raps on my window and tells me that I am offending against the black-out regulations when I am in the middle of my fourpenny egg. What we really need in this country is an aurora borealis.

**A Great Innings.** Have I fallen into the vulgar error of complaining about the climate of this sceptred isle? Useless, banal—and, indeed, ungrateful! For it is a very remarkable climate indeed, and has never been more remarkable than in the past year of 1940. The late Mr. Buchan may have thought that he had got it taped, but it has spent the last twelve months in defying every rule and cheating every prophecy. It is pronounced by the experts to have been the most freakish and ill-behaved year for a century. This very day, twelve months ago, it was bursting pipes in all directions, and on Jan. 20 it sank to the unprecedented depth of 25 degrees below freezing-point. February was not much better, but March came in like a lamb, and remained comparatively lamb-like, though with a somewhat sodden fleece. Then came an extraordinarily warm May (actually the hottest month of the year, and who ever heard of *that* before?) and the driest summer since 1921, that memorable year of drought and desiccation. Frost in September, and then an unnaturally mild winter, a November without a fog, and a Christmas without a flake of snow! Yes, a versatile performance all round the wicket, even for the English climate! And the most extraordinary thing of all about the weather of 1940 is that while it was turning all these somersaults and making such an exhibition of itself, *it did not exist.* The Censor and the B.B.C. had just quietly wiped it out. Could they not be prevailed on to make this anæsthesia permanent?

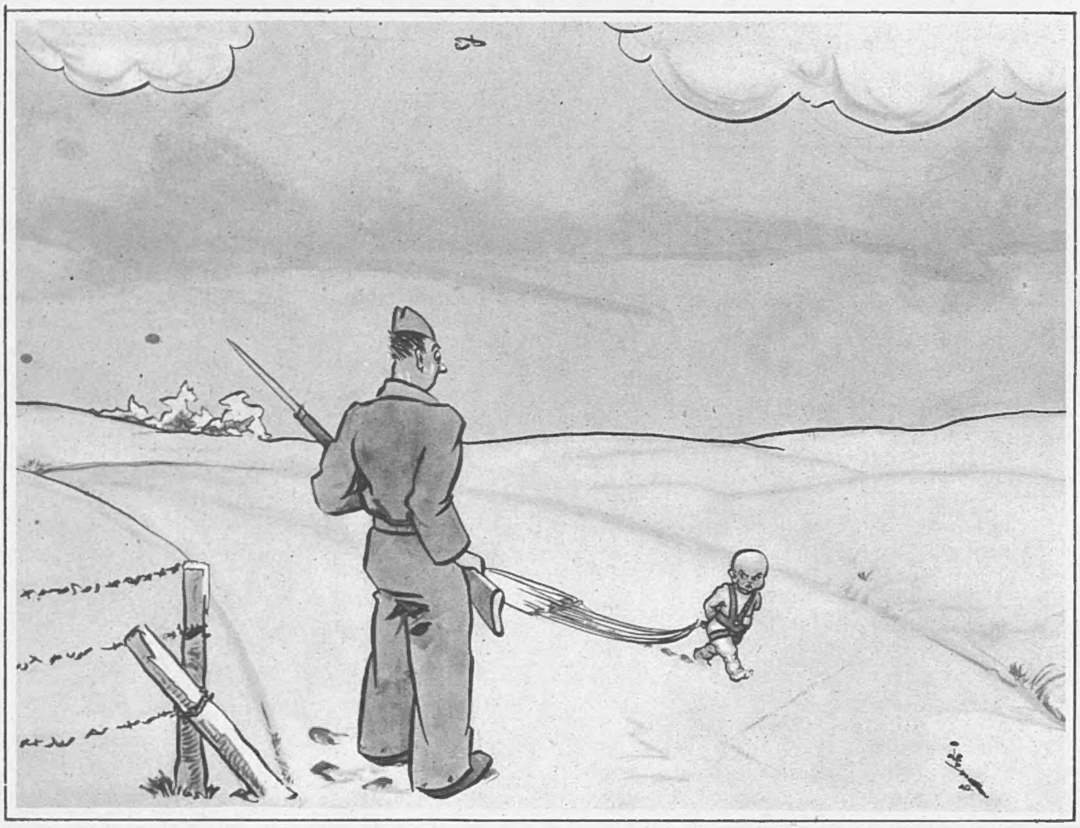
**The Weaker Sex.** It takes a good deal more than the weather, and, for that matter, a good deal more than the war, to suppress that most firmly-established British institution, the winter sales. But this winter sees certain important changes, and one, at least, which is revolutionary. Many of those who would ordinarily be in the vanguard at the bargain basement are this year *en villégiature*; and in many a secluded country retreat the formula is not, as it has hitherto

*"I say—let's pop out to lunch while the joint is still there."*
DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

been, "Darling, I seem to have run out of ready money, and I *must* be at the sales first thing to-day," but "Darling, here 's some money for you—you can pay me back some other time; just run up to the sales for me, there 's a dear, and don't come back without some *real* bargains!" This is a perilous business. I foresee that accumulated scores of many years are going to be paid off. "Call *that* a bargain?" he used to say, with a condescending air, when she triumphantly produced her greatest prize of the day's spoil; or, more irritating still, he just regarded her with a superior, indulgent smile, as one whose little weaknesses had to be humoured. What will *her* smile be now, when he brings home the fruits of his superior skill and judgment? And even if—which is highly improbable—he should really prove the more accomplished bargainer, I fear this will not lead to domestic harmony. There are some lights which are better hidden under bushels.

**Gallantry in the Field.** Shall I or shall I not be brave and patriotic—*now*? Or shall I put off till to-morrow what I can do to-day—for there are still a few days of grace (if you can call it grace) left before the Collector begins to send reminders in that terse and forceful style of which he is a master? He gives twice who gives quickly—an excellent principle, but if I send this cheque off at once, will the Chancellor of the Exchequer regard this as payment of *two* instalments of Income Tax? I doubt it; Chancellors don't always seem to grasp simple principles of sound finance, like that. The pen hovers. If 'twere done when 'tis done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly Ah, but *will* it be done when 'tis done? No, because there's another half to come—ay, there's the rub! There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life! Well, 'tis done, anyhow, and let's hope that the rest will be done by the bank. I've signed, and I now fully understand the sensations which King John must have experienced when he signed Magna Carta. Now the tooth is out, I must admit that the operation was comparatively painless; but there are still the after-effects, and oh, what a yawning chasm is in the gum! Yes, yes, I know that the Lord, not to mention the First Lord of the Treasury, loveth a cheerful giver. Well, I'm being cheerful. Observe my bright, brave smile, an example to all. Pass the aspirin!

**18B.** Having mentioned (somewhat irrelevantly) Magna Carta, I am reminded of Regulation 18B, which cannot be said to have enjoyed an enthusiastic Press and public since its introduction. "The notorious 18B," they call it disrespectfully. This is the Emergency Law which has knocked Magna Carta and Habeas Corpus unconscious "for duration." You or I, if merely suspected (not *convicted*) of "actions or intentions hostile to the security of the State," may find ourselves in indefinite detention, without trial or without even knowing what charge is brought against us. It is not pretty, but we must thank Hr. Quisling and all his kind for this startling example of the ancient principle that "in the clash of arms laws are silent." Knowing the painful necessities of war, and believing the Fifth Column to be a very real danger everywhere, I am not criticising—I don't dare to, lest criticism of 18B be "hostile to the security of the State" under 18B! But what does strike me as a little ironical, and as a significant weakness in democracy (am I liable to arrest for suggesting such a thing?), is that whenever democracy has to take any sharp, decisive action, it invariably resorts to wholly undemocratic methods. There is food for reflection here, I think.



*"The stork said 'Bremen,' so I baled out."*

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

**That Station in Life.** I have ventured comments, ere now, on the quaint imagination, and the quainter English, of those whose high mission in life it is to design, produce and compose the libretto for official forms. Here is a pleasing example. I have just been confronted with the question: "What was the nationality, at birth, of Applicant's father, and his occupation?" The first part of the question is easy, but the second completely stumps me. What *is* one's occupation at birth? Managing to keep alive, I suppose, and furnishing mingled concern and pride in the home circle. But whether this can be regarded as a scheduled trade, profession, vocation or occupation I am not at all sure. I have put down "Solicitor," but not without doubt, for it is one thing to say that a man is a born solicitor, and quite another thing to say that he was born a solicitor. And anyhow, some people (most unjustly, in my opinion) might regard either statement as defamatory, and you have to be very careful about these things nowadays. However, I hope the occasion was privileged.

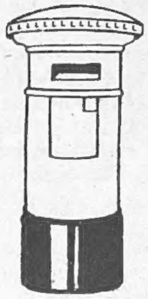
**Blood and Iron.** There are ugly rumours of a possible shortage of razor-blades, though this may be only another Goebbels move in the war of nerves. Should it prove true, I foresee, with regret, a heavy increase in bloodshed and the horrors of war. A whole generation has grown up which has never known the subtle and perilous technique of the Bismarck (or Blood and Iron) type of razor. If they have to take to it now, and apply to it the casual, freehand methods of the safety razor, the result will be a generation of young men with faces like the celebrated lion Wallace, whose "nose were all coovered wi' scars." Apparently the girls in Germany admire this manly effect, and all he-men go and slash each other's faces with swords, so as to show what fine, virile Aryans they are. English girls must develop a similar womanly admiration for razor-slashing. The alternative is a formidable increase in the number of those hirsute, moss-grown or fungus-stricken young men who already infest our universities, art schools and intellectual bottle-parties. This is a dire prospect and more than can be borne in addition to all our other sufferings. The fact is that the invention of Mr. Gillette has softened and unmanned us all (grateful though I am to him for it). At one time, I faced my "cut-throat" not only without apprehension, but even with a certain pride in craftsmanship; but now I doubt if I could trust a hand long demoralised by the free and easy methods of the "safety." Our consciences (like our razors) have become blunted to the brave principle "Shave dangerously!"—why, people even shave themselves by electricity nowadays! Pusillanimous! Nevertheless, for me, I fear, it is either razor-blades or a beard which, I am warned in advance, means permanent estrangement from all those near and dear to me.

**Notwithstanding.** *Defending Solicitor* (with some heat): "It is an appalling thing if out of all the magistrates who come to this court there is only one who can sit. They take upon themselves the honour of J.P.s and then shirk their responsibilities." *Magistrate's Clerk*: "That is not a proper remark to make. It is not that they won't sit; it is difficult for them to sit."

Rheumatism? Lumbago? Ants in the pants? Riding exercise? Or are they so busy standing up for England that any other posture is uncongenial to them? Whatever the cause, it is distressing to hear of this epidemic among magistrates, whether at Petty or Hindquarter Sessions.

# Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



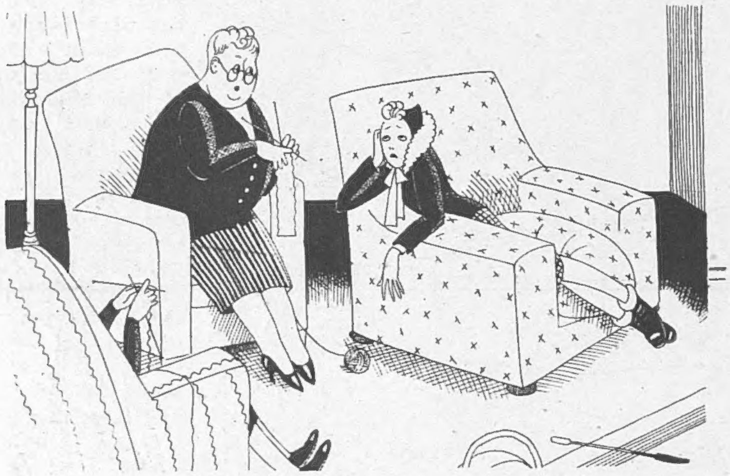
MY DEAR ROBERT—Everybody is feeling rather flat and low after the strenuous holiday season we have had. Not that anybody actually enjoyed it, but it kept us too busy and exhausted to think, and that is a good thing these days.

Yesterday Faith walked into Lady B.'s drawing-room, where she and I were enjoying a little quiet knitting, and plumped down into a chair.

"What 's the matter with you?" said Lady B., looking up over the top of her spectacles.

"I 'm depressed," said Faith.

"Good gracious!" said Lady B. "Don't let Hitler hear you saying things like that."



"'*What 's the matter with you?' said Lady B.*"

"Well, I *am* depressed," said Faith. "It 's so dark in the mornings, and if you like the idea of pink brushed-wool stockings, I don't."

"They aren't going to be pink brushed-wool," said Lady B. soothingly. "They 'll be something snappy in lisle. And anyhow, with your legs, my dear Faith, you have nothing to fear."

"Soon there won't be any face-powder," said Faith, who was determined to have her grumble out, "and now they aren't going to sound our siren any more."

"*Aren't going to sound the siren any more?*" said Lady B. and I, laying down our knitting, for this was a matter of deep interest. "Why?"

"They say it frightens the old ladies."

"Well, I *am* sorry," said Lady B. "I was getting quite fond of it."

"They 're going to sound it if bombs are dropping," said Faith.

"Surely that will be hardly necessary?"

"The Bomb Snobs will despise us more than ever," said Faith gloomily.

"You should talk to them about the invasion in the spring," I said. "I always do. Charles says he talks about the barrage on the Somme in the last war, and they hate it."

"It is only lately," said Lady B., "that I have realised what extraordinary restraint the people who fought in the Great War have shown all these years."

"It 's because they were men," said Faith, who prefers the opposite sex to her own.

"About your depression, Faith, dear," said Lady B., tactfully changing the subject. "I suggest that you paint the stairs or turn out a cupboard. It 's an almost certain cure."

"I think I 'd sooner paint the stairs than turn out a cupboard," said Faith doubtfully, and soon afterwards she and I took our leave.

On the way home Faith and I had the delightful and almost unique experience of knocking on the door of the Police Station and telling them they were showing a chink of light. This threw Faith into the highest good humour, and when I left her at her gate the black cloud had lifted and I could see she had forgotten it had ever been there.

But as I walked home I decided that I would turn out a cupboard if I could possibly find time to do it. Linnet had been home looking pale and thin, Bill's leave had been postponed again, Charles was working day and night and looked like a ghost, and spring seemed a long way off. I wasn't actually depressed, of course, but I just thought I 'd turn out a cupboard.

And the next day I did, only it wasn't a cupboard but an old chest of drawers on the landing, into which I had been popping this and that for years. The first thing I found was a snapshot of you, Robert, at the age of twelve, with your trousers rolled up and a school cap, paddling! Of course, I couldn't throw that away, so I put it aside. Then I found an envelope with locks of the Linnet's and Bill's baby hair in it, strangely fair and very touching. With them was a table of their steadily increasing weights, written out by their Nanny. Of course, I couldn't throw that sort of treasure away, so I put them aside and began thinking about that Nanny, and how devoted she had been to the children, and how beautifully she had kept them, and how she had hated me.

The next thing that came to light was some embroidery that I have been doing for years, known in the family as the Unfinished Symphony. It seemed a pity to throw that away, so I put it aside and pounced on some old dance programmes. Your name figured on most of them, but not largely, and mostly for supper dances. If you had been as fond of dancing then as you are now, Robert. . . . Oh, well, it 's a long time ago now, isn't it?

After that I found some Old School Magazines. Though not a fervent Old Girl, I cherish a certain pride in and fondness for the place, though it cherishes neither for me, nor is there any reason why it should. Schooldays seem a long time ago, as indeed they are, but it 's funny how much farther off they seem than nursery days. The only thing that brings my schooldays back to me is when I hear somebody playing Chopin's B flat minor scherzo, and then, quite suddenly, I find myself standing on an asphalt path with a cricket bat in my hand, listening to somebody practising indoors. I can feel scratchy serge at my neck and wrists, the sun on my face, and the weight of a heavy pigtail down my back. From the field below comes the click of a cricket ball and an occasional shout, and just round the corner they are playing tennis. When this happens I am filled with an overwhelming sadness, but I don't know why.

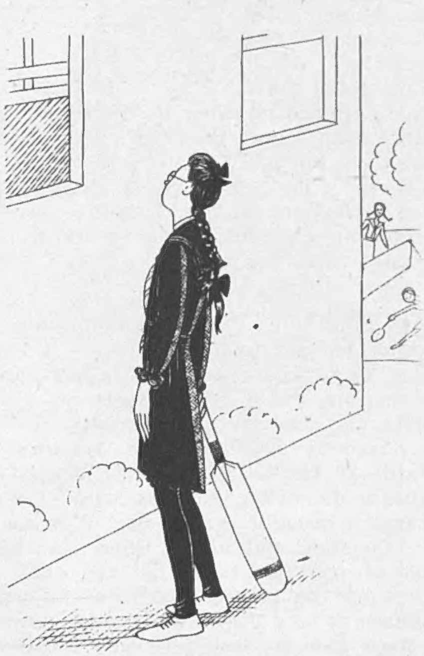
But the School Magazine is always fun, with its prim little accounts of school doings written by unwilling little girls. I often think how thrilling School Magazines would be if the pupils wrote exactly what they thought, without fear of editorship. . . .

CRICKET. Phyllis Green doesn't always keep a *perfectly* straight bat, but she 's my best friend and I 'm not going to say anything more about it here.

TOURNAMENT DAY. A good many of the Old Hags turned up for this festive occasion. Golly! What a collection! Only a few of them seemed to have collected husbands, and can you wonder?

LECTURES. We had a lecture from Mr. Martin Marcombe on "Is Civilisation Doomed?" Who cares, anyway?

*"A snapshot of you, Robert."*



*"Listening to somebody practising."*

Then Matins came to say that Charles was in, and lunch was on the table, so I bundled everything back into the drawers and went downstairs.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

ENGLAND "GOES TO IT."

"Ma! It's appalling!"
"Yes, dear! And so untidy."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

# CINEMA CAMEOS.

## By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE year has started off with two new films that are well above the average. One is the new Charles Laughton, the other the new Deanna Durbin picture. The Laughton performance, I am inclined to think, is the best thing this considerable artist has ever done. The new Deanna will cause controversy. Some people will miss the naïve little girl we used to know. Others will find in the grown-up singer a fresh promise for the musical pictures, and will recall the golden days of "Congress Dances" and Lilian Harvey.

The Laughton film, "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED" (Plaza), is a screen version of the play we saw in London in the 'twenties, with Tallulah Bankhead and Sam Livesey in the leading parts. It has

*Frightened by what she has heard, Diana summons Mr. Cathcart* (HAY PETRIE), *an enemy of the spirit influence who tries to wrestle with Laurie Baxter* (DEREK FARR). *Laurie tells him that if he says another word he will put his hands round his neck and Cathcart will never speak again.*

been filmed twice before, once with Pola Negri, under the title "The Secret Hour," and once with Vilma Banky and Edward G. Robinson, as "A Lady to Love." The original play dealt with marital infidelity, a subject which can't be tolerated in the cinema—at least, without the compensation of a tragic ending. The ending is happy, or reasonably so, so the sin has to be whitewashed. The present theme deals with a pre-nuptial lapse on the heroine's part, a change which apparently conciliates the censors, and affects the drama very little indeed.

The scene is the fertile Napa Valley, in California, where the company went on location. Tony Patucci (Charles Laughton) is a shy, paunchy Italian with rich acres and a prosperous vine-ranch. He loves life, has many good friends, and the only thing he wants to complete his happiness is a wife and child. So he woos by correspondence a waitress in a San Francisco café (Carole Lombard), a tatty beauty who is only too eager to get away from the smell of catsup and chops and marry the rich Californian. Tony, in his diffidence, makes one mistake. He sends his Amy the photograph of the handsome ranch-hand, Joe (William Gargan), and sends Joe to meet her at the station. What happens then is roughly what happened when King Arthur sent Lancelot through the flowers in May to bring home Guinevere. Only Joe's and Amy's reactions are earthier.

They fight off the mutual attraction until Tony falls off the roof at his betrothal feast and breaks both legs. When he is up and about again he learns that Amy is to have a child. In a fit of helpless fury he strikes Joe, and claws him, and strikes him again. Joe, having had what he wanted and taken his punishment, stumbles out of their lives for ever. Tony's and Amy's problem remains. Should they marry after all, caring for one another in a gentle, affectionate way? Should Tony accept paternity for the child he has always wanted? He says yes. Amy says no. The film ends with a compromise.

"They Knew What They Wanted" isn't the most appealing of stories, but it has been handled in a way that adds up to really fine picture-making. The director is Garson Kanin, the young man who made "A Man to Remember" and "Bachelor Mother." Mr. Kanin has his own ideas about films. One of his ideas is that the best results can be obtained by ironing out the players'—and, to do him justice, the director's—personalities, and developing the characters as the author wrote them.

To do this with Charles Laughton isn't everybody's job. Laughton has a personality that stands out like a scarlet tie at a board meeting. Rumour has it that there were difficult days on the set of "They Knew What They Wanted" until star and director got to understand one another. That doesn't concern the audience. What does concern them is the final result, in which Mr. Laughton has finely matched his acting to the needs of the film, and all the parts fall beautifully into pattern.

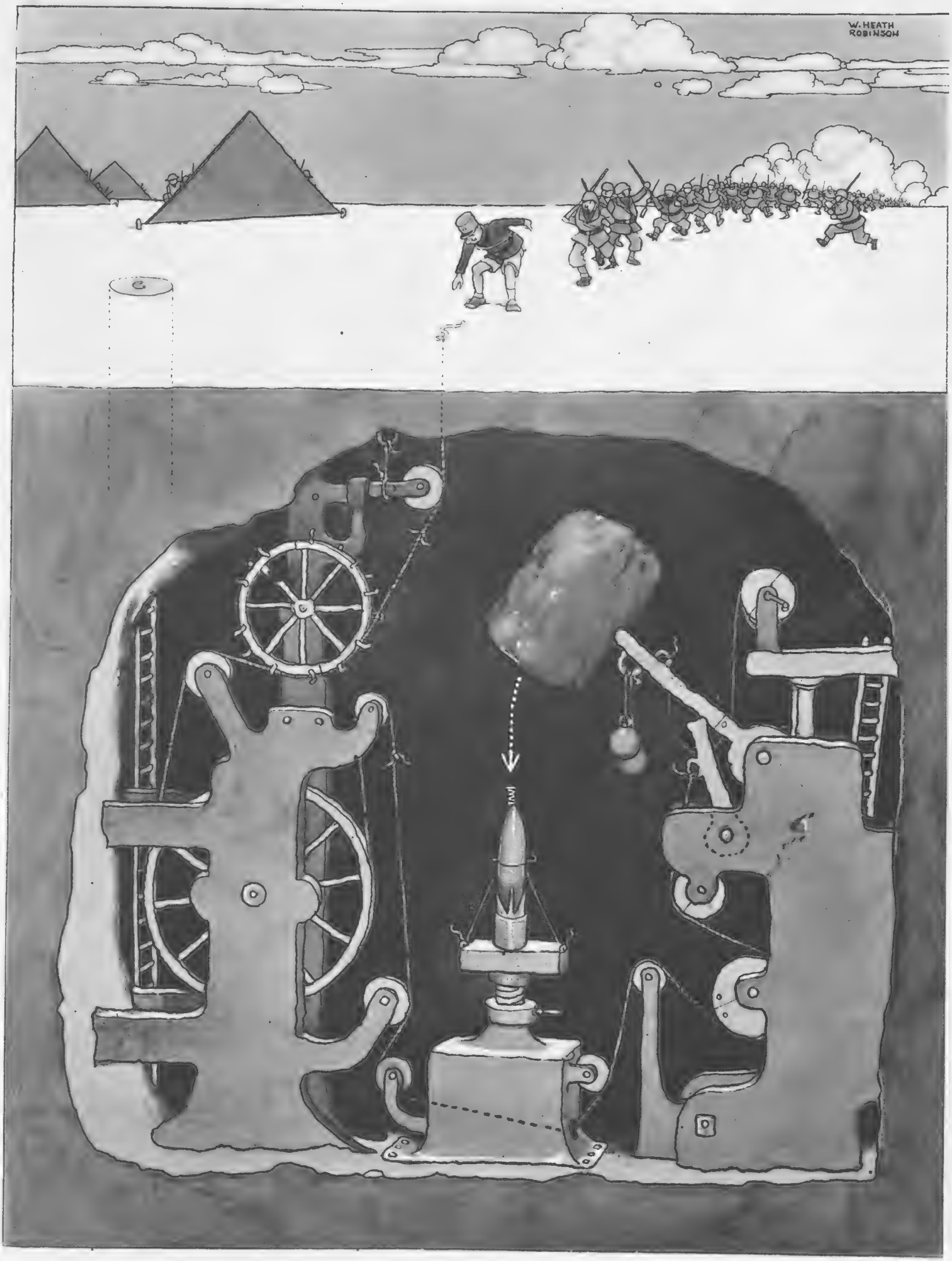
*Pyramid's* "SPELLBOUND," *temporarily banned by the Censor, now has its general West End release at the London Pavilion. Directed by Murray Leslie, with script by Miles Malleson, it is a very strong love-story in which the third point of the triangle is the memory of a girl who dies.* VERA LINDSAY *plays Diana Hilton who loves Laurie Baxter. He has just arrived back from a Spiritualist meeting where his dead love materialised, and wanders about the house and garden laughing strangely, which makes her clap her hands to her ears.*

The Deanna Durbin film, "SPRING PARADE" (New Gallery), isn't quite a full-fledged, grown-up romance, but very nearly. Producer Joe Pasternak, looking round for some simple thing with love, but not too much of it, to follow "It 's a Date," hit on this Viennese fairy-tale that he made eight years ago in Budapest with Franciska Gaal. It is the story of a peasant girl, Ilonka, who goes to the village fair to sell a goat. At the fair she buys a fortune which tells her that she will go to Vienna, marry an artist, and meet the great ones of the earth. The first part of the fortune comes true when she falls asleep on a hay-cart belonging to a kindly old Viennese baker (S. Z. Sakall). Living at the bakehouse, she falls in love with the dashing young corporal (Robert Cummings) who plays the drum in the regimental parade, and writes songs in his spare moments. Ilonka hides one of his waltzes in the Emperor's salt-sticks, and, in the complications that follow, meets the "great ones," and presumably marries her artist.

The whole thing is light and feathery and nostalgic, with the Emperor Franz Josef as a kindly Father Christmas, and lots of waltz-tunes, not forgetting, of course, the "Blue Danube." I can't pretend, of course, that it 's anything but *ersatz* Vienna, with Robert Cummings' Transatlantic voice cutting across the sound-track like a buzz-saw, and those two precocious Hollywood infants, Buddy and Butch, doing their Little Tough Guy stuff among the *apfelstrudel*. No, it 's not Vienna, but our little Miss Harvey from Muswell Hill wasn't Vienna either, and yet we loved her. "Spring Parade" has the great quality of youth and freshness. It skims along, stirring no deeps, carrying no message. When the story seems to halt a little, Deanna is there to help it along with a snatch of tune, a sprightly transit from scene to scene, stripping off and putting on innumerable peasant petticoats.

I have heard people say that they don't care for the débutante Deanna. Frankly, I do. I think she has bridged the gap between childhood and young womanhood with considerable success. For every naïve charm lost, there has been some mature virtue gained. At eighteen she is no raving beauty, but she knows how to use the qualities she has with modesty and grace. She never forces her acting or her singing. And she is singing, I 'll swear, better these days than ever. From a schoolgirl prodigy, she is fast coming into the Grace Moore-Jeanette MacDonald category.

*Mrs. Baxter* (WINIFRED DAVIS), *knowing nothing of Laurie's visit to the Spiritualist meeting, hears him return, and wonders why he does not come up to see her. Diana goes up to pacify her and keep her quiet.*




A NEW DEVICE FOR DESERT WARFARE: THE MACARONI MINE.

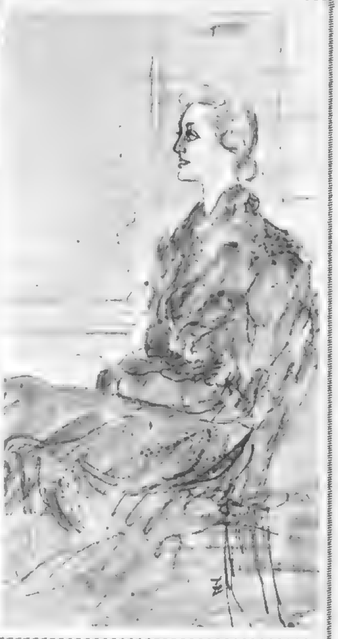
*Our successful campaign in the Libyan desert is the result of a brilliantly conceived and admirably carried-out plan, but since it's impossible to have a surplus of really good ideas, W. Heath Robinson has no false modesty about putting forward his ingenious device of the macaroni mine for enticing Italian soldiers to their doom.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

IRENE EISINGER *delicately mocks at eighteenth-century Arcadianism.*

*Ready for the finale, "River Picnic":* JOANNA HORDER, JOAN STERNDALE-BENNETT, DILYS REES, *and* VIDA HOPE *(l. to r.).*

*A study of* WALTER CRISHAM, *the brilliant dancer.*



JOYCE GRENFELL, *who in one sketch very amusingly "discovers" a local library.*

BERNARD MILES *as the village clod, who sharpens his scythe on a Crusader's recumbent effigy.*

VIDA HOPE, *in the character of a strong woman of the sawdust ring.*

DOROTHY DICKSON, *as the minx who adores her dentist. She also appears in a "free lift" sketch.*

# AN ARTIST VIEWS "DIVERSION NO. 2," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"DIVERSION NO. 2," the second edition of Herbert Farjeon's revue at Wyndham's, provides Topolski with a well-varied series of subjects for his drawings this week. On this page are his impressions of members of the cast in different sketches and numbers which go to make up a first-class show. Edith Evans, is seen on our facing page as Queen Elizabeth.

MISCHA SPOLIANSKY *and* PETER USTINOV, *two of the brilliant artists of the show.*

DRAWINGS BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

DRAWING BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI.

# QUEEN ELIZABETH ON INVASION—BY EDITH EVANS.

*In the original* "DIVERSION," *at Wyndham's,* EDITH EVANS *appeared as a hop-picker; in the new edition of the revue she comes on the stage as Queen Elizabeth, and gives the famous speech delivered to the Commons when England was facing the threat of invasion by the Armada. These words fit 1941 just as perfectly as they did 1588: "I fear not all his threatenings; his great preparations and mighty forces do not stir me; for, though he come against me with a greater power than ever was his invincible navy, I doubt not but (God assisting me, upon whom I always trust) I shall be able to defeat him and overthrow him, for my cause is just."*

SQUADRON LEADER JOHN NOEL DOWLAND, G.C.—*for the amazing skill and courage which he showed in de-bombing a steamer and a trawler.*

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

SQUADRON LEADER JOHN NOEL DOWLAND, R.A.F., has been awarded the George Cross for removing bombs from a steamship and from a trawler. The official announcement records that the first bomb, removed in February 1940, was extremely difficult to inspect and handle, as it was wedged with its nose penetrating through the main deck. In June he performed a similar duty with the same efficiency and promptitude on board a trawler. "He has," runs the official announcement, "displayed conspicuous courage and devotion to duty in circumstances of exceptional danger and difficulty."

MAJOR-GENERAL IVEN GIFFARD MACKAY, *Victor of Bardia—for being Iven the Terrible of two wars and a peacetime schoolmaster in between.*

MISS ALICE MARBLE—*for getting this ambulance for Great Britain as the result of her fine service.*

MAJOR-GENERAL IVEN GIFFARD MACKAY, who commanded the Australians at Bardia, earned the name of "Iven the Terrible" in the last war, when he fought at Gallipoli, rising from the rank of Lieutenant to that of Brigadier-General, and winning the D.S.O. and bar, the C.M.G., the Croix de Guerre, and other decorations. In this contest he has certainly, from the Italians' point of view, lived up to his title. In between wars, Major-General Mackay is headmaster of Cranbrook School, Australia, and a Sydney University physics demonstrator.

MISS ALICE MARBLE, American professional lawn-tennis star, and for the second time holder of the title of her country's foremost woman athlete, has by means of lectures raised the money to buy and maintain for Great Britain the ambulance in which she is seated. She is chairman of the Tennis Division of the British-American Ambulance Sports Corps, and hopes to provide Great Britain with an air-ambulance.

LISTENERS-IN recently heard MR. BRUCE BELFRAGE begin a B.B.C. announcement, then pause for a moment when a crash was heard, then continue. The occasion was one when bombs, causing casualties, fell on Broadcasting House, but the programme went on as arranged.

MR. BRUCE BELFRAGE—*for going calmly on with his B.B.C. announcements when bombs were falling on Broadcasting House.*

*Left:* MISS MARGARET WIENER, B.A.—*for her quick change-over from secretary to chief of an important American theatrical agency in London.*

MISS MARGARET WIENER, twenty-seven-year-old English girl, was secretary to the chief of the London office of a theatrical booking agency. Since the war she has become the chief. She is busy booking artists for troop entertainments, and supervises the broadcast to the U.S.A. from the Eagle Club.

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN has undertaken the duties of a driver of one of the Y.M.C.A. mobile tea-cars.

MRS. ANTHONY EDEN, *wife of the Foreign Secretary—for doing her bit like her husband.*

# WARTIME WORK AND PLAY; AND ENGAGEMENTS.

MISS ROSEMARY WEBBE, *only daughter of Sir Harold Webbe, M.P., married* GUNNER T. A. S. STEPHENS, *younger son of Mr. P. S. Stephens, at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.*

*A film of the Y.M.C.A. mobile tea-canteen work was recently shot.* MISS PRIMROSE SCOTT *(nearest camera) and* MISS MOLLY VOST *are making up before being filmed.*

*The* HON. MRS. DUDLEY DE LEVINGNE *is posed in her garden, against a 300-year-old wall. She is the elder daughter of Viscount Greenwood.*

*Left:* MISS NOREEN BAILEY, *youngest daughter of the late Sir Abe Bailey and of the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., is engaged to Flight Lieut. Peter Anker Simmons, D.F.C., R.A.F.*

*The dart-throwing booth at the Star-Spangled Ball, New York, was specially popular because the target was an effigy of the Führer! Here film-players* ROSALIND RUSSELL *and* WALTER PIDGEON *are trying to hit Hitler.*

*Women bus conductors go to school before taking up their jobs on L.P.T.B. vehicles. Here's a class with a male instructor, and a dummy model showing just how a girl should wear her uniform, "presiding" over the lesson.*

MISS PATRICIA UNITY RANK, *younger daughter of Mrs. Rowland Rank and of the late Mr. Rowland Rank, is engaged to* MR. JOHN P. SCRIVENER, *son of Mr. and Mrs. James Scrivener, of Wimbledon.*

Mrs. Jean Smythe, on the deck of a cabin-cruiser, is preparing her harpoon-gun for shark-shooting.

The angler levels her harpoon-gun and takes aim, ready to send the weapon hurtling into the shark's glistening body.

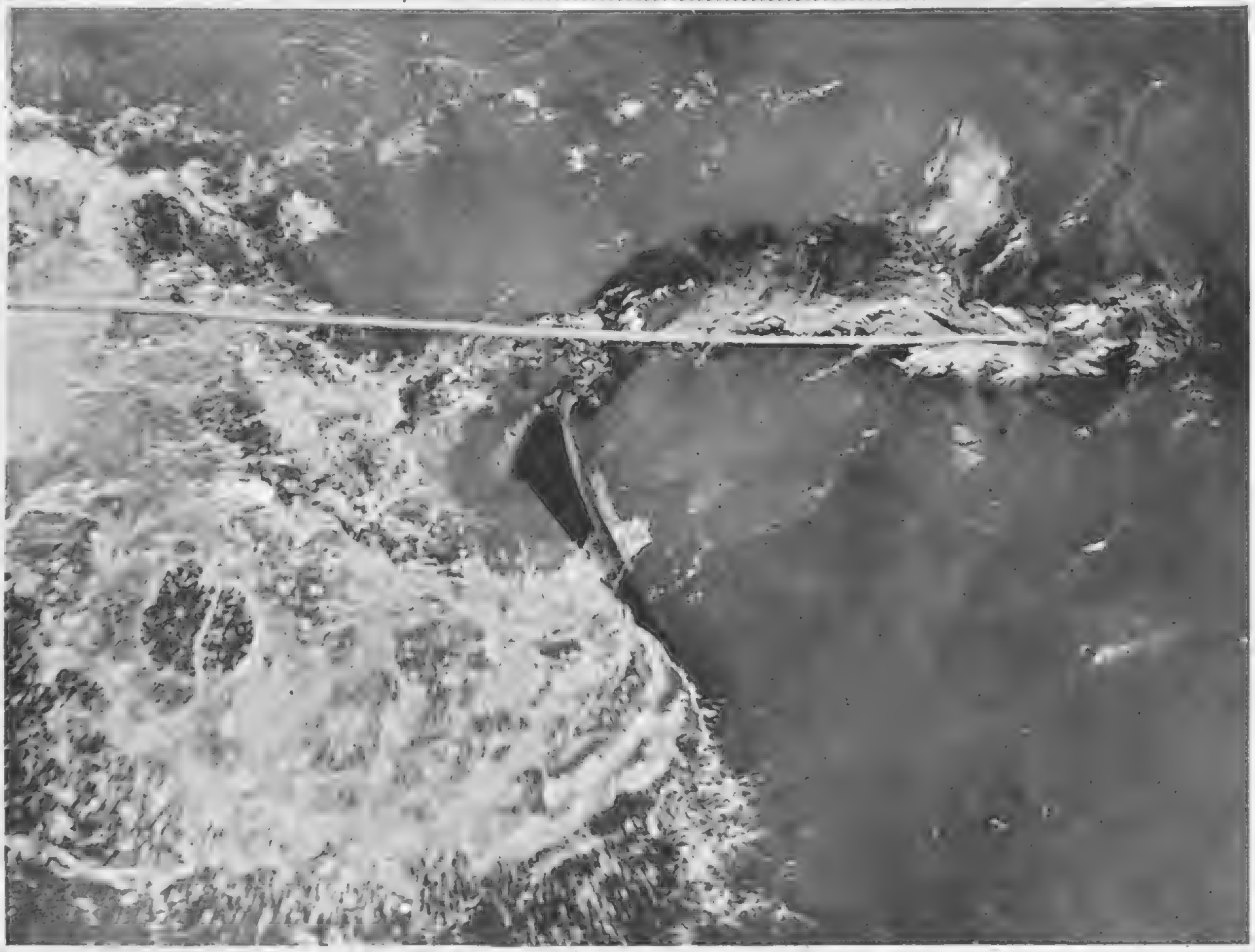
THESE striking photographs illustrate a fight against a sea-raider, but they have nothing to do with war, for the opponents are a shark and a woman angler, MRS. JEAN SMYTHE. She is the Ohio skeet-shooting champion, and has recently taken up the sport of shooting shark with a new Swedish harpoon-gun. This thrilling form of big-game fishing takes place off West Palm Beach, Florida, in the clear water of the Gulf Stream. It calls for accuracy of aim, and skill in playing the harpooned fish.

Fighting its way back to the surface, the shark gets ready for another run, in order to cast off the tenacious line.

# FIGHTING A SEA-RAIDER WITH A HARPOON

*A close-up of the remora, or sucking-fish, a parasite which clings to the shark's body and travels with it.*

*Right: The shark has been struck by the harpoon. It begins to dive, making the water boil with the disturbance.*



*An hour later. The shark, a dead weight, attempts to break loose by wrapping the line round its body while resting before fresh efforts.*

*The end of the battle. Mrs. Jean Smythe beside the dead opponent, which has been hung up in the sun.*

# AN ANGLER IN ACTION AGAINST A SHARK.

# MODELS IN FUR AND FEATHERS TA
# AT THE ANI

*Taking a look at his own portrait: a horse peers over the shoulder of the artist at work.*

*A perfect model! One of the artists making a study of a terrier.*

*A patient model! This old horse's expression is one of extreme resignation and philosophy.*

*The students take it in turn to pose for the class for equestrian portraiture.*

The animal artist has always had a considerable success in England, where equestrian portraits, and groups incorporating horses, pet or sporting dogs and other favourites have been popular in every age. Miss Frobisher, who is a distinguished animal artist, had the excellent idea of starting a special school for animal painting at Bushey, near London. She takes some dozen students, and trains them thoroughly as animal artists, giving them opportunities of

# THE POSE: ARTISTS AND SUBJECTS
# ALS' STUDIO.

It's their pigeon! A class of students make studies of a bird.

This wise and aged parrot takes and holds the pose well—provided that he is fed during sittings.

This engaging model sits on a very high throne for an al fresco class.

And what would that be? A model takes a close survey of a sculptured portrait of himself.

painting dogs, horses, parrots, pigeons, pigs and ducks from life, and studying both the anatomy and the psychology of their sitters. The course can last as long as five years. Since equestrian portraits are always greatly in demand, the students take it in turn to sit on horseback for the class. The patience of some of the sitters is remarkable, and their charge is not high—for they will all give their services in exchange for a few tit-bits.

# " ESCAPE "— AS THRILLING A FILM AS IT WAS NOVEL.

Countess von Treck (NORMA SHEARER), beautiful American widow of a German, with her young pupils, and her middle-aged lover, General Kurt von Kolb (CONRAD VEIDT).

"ESCAPE," the novel by Ethel Vance, has made an exciting M.-G.-M. picture, and is due at the Empire on January 17. The story deals with the escape from a concentration camp of Emmy Ritter, famous actress who has been helping Jews to escape from Germany. Her son Mark, an American citizen, succeeds in establishing a claim to her body after execution, but Emmy is not executed. She apparently dies in prison, but is really drugged. In order to get her safely out of Germany, Mark enlists the aid of Countess von Treck, but her lover, General von Kolb, grows suspicious, and the scheme is nearly wrecked.

*Emmy Ritter, great Jewish actress* (NAZIMOVA), *appeals to the humanity of Dr. Ditten* (PHILIP DORN) *in the concentration camp, while the cruel wardress listens scornfully.*

*Emmy escapes the scaffold! Dr. Ditten verifies that the digitalis has caused a heart-block which Dr. Henning* (ALBERT BASSERMANN) *and the wardress believe to be death.*

*The Countess listens while the suspicious General von Kolb cross-questions Mark Preysing* (ROBERT TAYLOR) *and tries to trip him up.*

*The faithful Fritz* (FELIX BRESSART) *and Mark see Emmy's transfigured face when the Countess gives her the passport. To save Emmy, the Countess deliberately enrages von Kolb till he has a stroke.*

*In Germany, Mark Preysing* (ROBERT TAYLOR), *son of Emmy Ritter, meets the Countess* (NORMA SHEARER), *whom he knew in America.*

*Countess von Treck, American-born widow of a German Count, has a long-standing liaison with General Kurt von Kolb* (CONRAD VEIDT).

*Mark, desperately worried over the terrible fate which threatens his mother, finds balm in the company of the charming Countess.*

*The Countess uses all her arts to lull the suspicions of the General, who guesses something is afoot, but not that Emmy is in the house!*

*The Countess, much attracted by the young American, Mark, risks her whole life in order to save his mother.*

*The Countess's beauty, youth and charm give her almost complete power over the General—but he cannot forget his Nazi principles.*

# "ESCAPE'S" COUNTESS AND HER LOVERS—AMERICAN AND NAZI.

Much of the emotional drama of "ESCAPE" is provided by the Countess von Treck's relations with General von Kolb, her lover, and the young American, Mark Preysing. Her *sympathie* for Mark induces her to help his mother to escape, but she cannot lull the General's suspicions. He ferrets out the plan, and would have defeated it if she had not deliberately worked him into a rage which brings on a stroke.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

DIAGHILEV was not only a great, but a large subject for a biographer, and M. Serge Lifar, making the most of his material, has written a very long book. As he explains in the preface, it is really two books: one, a "scientific monograph"; the other, a "personal account." Of the first M. Lifar says—

> Diaghilev, the inspiration behind so many artistic developments, the creator of a new artistic culture, obscures the image of Diaghilev, the man.

I cannot quite agree with this. Diaghilev was nearly fifty-one when the author, then a lad of eighteen, first met him; for the facts of the period 1872-1923 M. Lifar has to rely on others. The first part of the book, which covers this period, he calls "Diaghilev"; the second, which covers the six years during which he was the great impresario's closest friend, he calls "With Diaghilev," and it is in the nature of an autobiography. But he came to know Diaghilev so well that the earlier part of the book, which is also the longer, conveys the colour and flavour of Diaghilev's personality almost as vividly as if it had been written from first-hand knowledge. It can only seem impersonal if compared with the second part, which is much more intimate than most biographies. Indeed, the account of Diaghilev's death in Venice in August 1929 must be one of the most poignant and personal pieces of writing ever given to the public.

**THIS SMALL TERRIER** *had been buried for four days in the débris of a bombed house when the* **RESCUE SQUAD OF THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS** *heard of his plight. They set out at once to look for him, and it was not long before he was in kind hands again. Our Dumb Friends' League has also an elaborate system for the protection and care of domestic animals in London, with specially equipped rescue squads, wardens to enter areas made dangerous by delayed-action bombs to bring out animals left behind, and ambulances, first-aid centres, hospitals and temporary rest homes. From the beginning of September to the end of December, 47,000 pets were rescued; including cats, dogs, caged birds, rabbits and a monkey or two, besides 100 horses, some from burning stables.*

### A Stepping-Stone.

But the greater part of Diaghilev's life was not set to music in a minor key. He came of a well-to-do family who owned a large estate in Russia, and the Diaghilev home was a riot of high spirits. His parents kept open house, and any friend of art was welcome there. Diaghilev's devotion to art was inherited, but it was not the ballet which first absorbed the enormous, volcanic energy of his nature. Painting was his first passion, and the journal he edited with varying fortunes in St. Petersburg was the first considerable contribution he made to European culture. M. Lifar quotes him as saying that in art it is essential to know what to omit, and my chief complaint against this exceedingly interesting and well-written biography is that too much space is given to Diaghilev's early journalistic venture. "The World of Art" no doubt marked an important stage in his development, and it involved, as such ventures do, a great deal of jealousy and quarrelling, absorbing, no doubt, to those who took part; but it was only a stepping-stone, and on stepping-stones one should not linger too long.

Hand in hand with Diaghilev's interest in painting went an equally strong bent for music. He was a remarkable pianist and had only to play a little to Mme. de Greffuhle in her drawing-room to convince her that he would be equal to any task he set himself. It is significant that on this, one of the most critical moments in his career, as it turned out, he chose to play Russian music. Art of all kinds was his passion, but Russian art was almost his religion; he felt himself the apostle of Russian culture in Western Europe. Mme. de Greffuhle's influence had weight with artistic Paris; Diaghilev's first Russian season there (in 1907) was a success. He followed up his exhibition of Russian pictures with a season of Russian opera; in 1908 Chaliapin made musical history with his performance of "Boris." And the next year Diaghilev (though still out of favour at Court) brought over from St. Petersburg the Russian Ballet.

### The Four "Whales."

The Ballet is inseparably connected with the name of Diaghilev; Western Europe owes it to him. It is too complex and technical a subject for me to comment on, but I will quote a paragraph from M. Lifar's book, which suggests at least one of the factors in its development—

> The mainstay of the company were the four dancers, Anna Pavlova, Karsavina, Fokine, and Nijinsky. All played important parts in Diaghilev's life, and contributed greatly to his creative activity. . . . But of these four "whales" in the Diaghilev ballet, only one, Karsavina, remained faithful to the end. The others, sooner or later, abandoned the company.

In no art, apparently, do personal feelings—and personal feelings usually mean pride, or injured pride—count for so much as they do in ballet. To say that the progress of the ballet has been punctuated by "scenes" of unrivalled magnitude, often occurring over trifles, would be to put it mildly. M. Lifar himself tells us how he shut himself in his room and broke up all the furniture, just as if it was a matter of course, a routine operation. He cannot, however, be said to make capital out of these "oppositions of the stars," and when he criticises them—when he tells, for instance, that Nijinsky was a "dancer, but only a dancer," without much originality, an executant who could only do what Diaghilev told him—we never feel that such judgments are inspired by partiality or spite.

### A Great Friendship.

It is difficult for one of the parties in a great friendship to write about it; but in the second section of his book, "With Diaghilev," M. Lifar must be said to have succeeded. With the help of a frankness only possible, perhaps, to a Russian, and only permissible when practised by a Russian, he traces the ups and downs of his relationship with this extraordinary man, to keep in whose good books demanded an emotional adaptability and, it must be added, a spirit of forbearance quite beyond the reach of most people. Only the most unselfish affection and the most vigilant sense of gratitude on M. Lifar's part could have averted a lasting rupture; but averted it was, and this book is a noble memorial, not only to a great man, but to a great friendship. [Continued overleaf.

*The tragedy of the destruction of our beautiful Wren churches by Germany in the second Great Fire of London included the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. Here, however, an expert safe-breaker was able to recover valuables from the church safe, of which the lock was damaged when the church was bombed. So magnificent plate, chalice, patens, also dishes and flagons, some more than 400 years old, were saved. Our photograph shows the Vicar, the* **REV. R. H. COUCHMAN**, *holding a picture, "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," painted in 1538, which was rescued from the previous Great Fire of London in 1666 by a small boy who received a reward of 6s. It shows St. Lawrence enduring the torture of the grid. The beadle,* **MR. J. S. ARRELL**, *is seen on the left holding candelabra, which he is removing from the safe.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

## MIRIAM HOPKINS *v.* THE CENSOR.

*Ash-blonde film-star* MIRIAM HOPKINS *has been having a great battle with Authority in Boston, Mass. The City Council and the police having objected to certain lines in a play, "The Battle of the Angels," in which she is appearing, the censorship put its foot down and ordered that the lines be deleted. "The Boston City Council should be flung into the harbour," said the star angrily, "the same as the tea once was." The outcome of this angel's battle has not been divulged at the time of going to press.*

*Continued.*]

**Pre-War Unrest.** "This Peaceful Place" is one of the many novels the action of which takes place in that doubtful No Man's Land of time—the year before the present war. It is not in any sense a war novel, nor do politics come into it, except in so far as certain phenomena in Miss Patcher's school may be said to reflect them; but none the less it has a bearing on our times. The atmosphere of spiritual unrest, the subordination of conduct to the whim and feeling of the moment—these and other features of the book are characteristic of the time before the war, and may be thought of as contributory causes of the war itself.

The chief characters live in a quiet street in a cathedral city, but, as novelists are fond of telling us, what goes on inside them does not at all correspond to their surface conventionality. Mr. Martin Gore would have chosen a banal theme if it merely demonstrated this; and he is not so much concerned, I think, with the difference between appearance and reality, in the narrower sense, as with the difficulty of finding out what the reality is beneath an appearance which may easily belie it. A person's appearance is more or less fixed; it only alters imperceptibly with the passing of the years. The emotional and mental state underneath it is a continuous state of flux. If hearts seem to beat more irregularly in Tun Row, the Children's Party (overlong, perhaps, but also very well described) which he so nearly wrecked. The third pivot of the story is the mysterious Mr. Bolder, his wife, and the house which Street's firm is doing up for him on such a lavish scale. Many things about Mr. Bolder seem spurious and to point to his being insolvent; but he is genuine, financially, as his valuable collection of masks—a collection he exhibits, with considerable symbolic effect, at his house-warming party—helps to prove.

**The Variations and the Framework.** But to indicate its outlines is not to suggest the special quality of "This Peaceful Place," a novel which is written from the inside outwards, and inspired by an intensely subjective conception of reality: so subjective, indeed, that the whole story has the air of a dream. Mr. Gore's method is disconnected, tentative, elusive, interrogative; his characters are always asking each other questions; they are conscious of a doubt in everything they think or say. The stream of consciousness is less definite than most novelists portray it to be, but more definite, I think, than it is represented here. People vary enormously, but always within the framework of their character and temperament, which are almost as fixed and constant as their faces. Mr. Gore tends to give us the variations and

*Our artist spent a day with* THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, *and made notes of them as they hared for the day's mail. This branch of the Army is nicknamed "The Boys who make the Noise," and they certainly have every reason to do so!* (DRAWN BY FRED MAY.)

that quiet, decorous thoroughfare, than they do in other places, it is because, given their surroundings, one would expect them to keep a more even pace.

**Three Centres.** The story has three main centres of interest, three subjects to which, as in a piece of music, the author constantly returns. The most important is the situation—the predicament, as Henry James might have said—of Venezia Chaddesley between her guardian, Mr. Street, and young Hugo Marrady, son of the Marrady who once owned the business and is now in Street's employ. Both are in love with her, Street from afar, Hugo from very near. She has no difficulty in choosing between the middle-aged man who pays her cheques and the romantic-looking youth who gives her kisses; but, all the same, she does not know where she is, or whither her life is tending. The second, and in a sense the most absorbing subject is Miss Patcher's school and the successful efforts of the odious Sonny to make himself dictator there. Sonny represents one of the most unpleasant tendencies of the many unpleasant tendencies observable to-day. His downfall at the hands of Miss Patcher gave me more pleasure than I care to admit—since he was only a child, though a particularly disagreeable and cruel one. The scene of his discomfiture is wonderfully described, and I only wish that his humiliation could have lasted longer, and involved exclusion from leave us to infer the framework—a method which flatters the reader's intelligence while it puts a severe strain on his attention.

**Maigret Again.** The two half-length novels which comprise M. Simenon's latest addition to the Maigret library, "Maigret Keeps a Rendezvous," vary very much in setting, treatment and tone, but both display the author's considerable gifts. In "The Sailor's Rendezvous" we are introduced to a group of sailors newly returned from a sinister fishing voyage which has ended in a fatality. The men maintained an oyster-like taciturnity towards Maigret, the stranger in their midst; and it needed all his unrivalled sensitiveness to atmosphere and quickness of apprehension to discover the criminal.

"The Saint-Fiacre Affair" has a more romantic and aristocratic setting, and the prosaic figure of Maigret stands out against the background of château and church. Surely never in the annals of fiction has a detective had less to do with the solution of a crime; it is scarcely surprising that Maigret feels that events are beyond his control—a salutary situation for a detective in fiction.

**BOOKS REVIEWED.**

Diaghilev. By Serge Lifar. (*Putnam*; 21s.)
This Peaceful Place. By Martin Shane Gore. (*The Bodley Head*; 8s. 6d.)
Maigret Keeps a Rendezvous. By Georges Simenon. (*Routledge*; 8s.)

*The second of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT is published in this issue of "THE SKETCH."*

# BIRMINGHAM'S "ALADDIN" WITH JESSIE MATTHEWS AND SONNIE HALE

"ALADDIN" *seems to be the country's most popular pantomime story this year, for the London Coliseum, Golder's Green, Nottingham and Birmingham all have their version. Emile Littler's Birmingham "Aladdin" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre has scenes of splendour and glitter, as well as excellent knockabout fun. Here the* DIAMONDOS *are giving their fine acrobatic dance.*

SHEILA DOUGLAS-PENNANT *is a most engaging Princess Balroubadour, with* GEOFFREY DAMS *as her father, the Emperor of China.*

SONNIE HALE'S *Widow Twankey is a most resourceful dame, with plenty of topical cracks to put over. Here "she" is with Abanazar* (SID FIELD).

JESSIE MATTHEWS *is a perfectly delightful principal boy. She plays Aladdin with great sense of humour, has some charming dances, and puts two or three songs over in the real pantomime spirit. This scene shows her in the magic cave.*

# TO-DAY'S TO-MORROW.*

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT. *Author of "The Unhurrying Chase," and "The Lost Fight."*

BERNARD had a new, dark-red cloth gown to put on to go home to Skeffington in. Blood-red it was, tight-fitting and short, and it had tight sleeves with twenty-three buttons, silver-gilt buttons, running up from each cuff to near the elbow. Above the elbow there were bands of badger fur going round and hanging down in a little tail from each arm, and there was badger fur, too, at the neck and the hem. Bernard was very proud of it, because it was so fine, and because it was quite as grown-up a gown as any of the King's castellan's squires had at Beeston. Bernard had been learning to be a page at Beeston, but now he was going home.

He was even more proud yet of the knife that dangled from the new belt, and Jake the Steward said that it was quite strong enough to brittle a deer with; it had a lovely edge; Bernard had cut his thumb on it already. Both the knife-sheath and the belt were of Irish leather; the belt had square buckles of silver threaded all along it, and the sheath was tipped and lipped with silver too.

So when Jake wakened him, although he was sleepy with the ride from Beeston yesterday, Bernard tumbled out of bed in no time, because he remembered it all, and was eager to get up and put it all on. So he stood naked by the bed, a light-built lad of twelve, wriggling his thin shoulder-blades till Jake brought his clothes and began to dress him. But while Jake was about it, Bernard kept trying to slip a hand out to touch the knife as it lay on the bed. Jake would not let him have it, and at last took him by the shoulders and turned him right away from it.

Then Bernard began to ask questions instead. First it was about his young step-mother, whom he had never seen; but Jake would not talk much about Dame Elizabeth, and, anyway, Bernard wasn't much interested in her. She would keep.

Next it was about his father. Bernard had not seen him for five years, and had not thought much about him either. He had not been eager to go back to such beatings he remembered, but Jake had told him yesterday that George Berney lay a-bed of an arrow wound, so Bernard felt safer.

But the thing that really interested him was the shooting of that arrow—a flighting shaft out of Square Holt that took George Berney in the side just as he stood in the mead casting up a hawk. But how had they known that it was Watkin, the smith's son, that had shot the arrow? Jake shrugged. "As well him as another. One had to be hanged, and it 's like enough he w'd have killed y'r father first chance, even if he didn't then."

"And next day my father had him hanged?"

"Aye," said Jake.

"When I am a man grown, *I* shall hang men," Bernard declared, and then laughed because Jake had laid hold on one of his feet to put his shoe on, so that he had to hop about on the other to keep himself from falling.

Jake, bending over the latch of the shoe, gave a sudden hoarse laugh too.

"Else you 're not a black Berney," he said.

Bernard comprehended him as little as he comprehended what it meant to destroy that unseen, fragile, potent thing that is a man's life. Only he thought Jake was somehow mocking him. "I *am* a black Berney," he said stiffly.

As soon as Bernard had eaten some bread sopped in wine, they went down into the yard, and there Jake put him up on a very tall, flea-bitten grey; it was the tallest horse Bernard had ever sat, and it was very fine to be so high up from the ground. Then: "Turn out, Jasper!" Jake cried, and all the horses began to move at once, slipping on the cobbles and jostling up against each other, so that Bernard had to catch at the saddle and claw with one foot for the stirrup he lost.

In a minute they were out of the yard and trampling down the empty road. The air smelt clean of frost, the stones rang sharp under the hoofs, the sun was already steeping the higher chimney-stacks in a red, raw gold, and the wine in Bernard's stomach made all these things lovely and momentous.

As they saw the green and brown fields through the arch of the gate, a most strange thought came into Bernard's head. He thought: "This time to-morrow I 'll be waking at Skeffington."

It was the first time in his life that he had looked forward, as they were looking forward now through the gate, and had seen himself—himself the same to-morrow as to-day—but untouchable, separated by the impenetrable transparency of time. It seemed to him so strange a thought that he tried to tell Jake, but Jake could not see anything unusual in it.

That same morning, just about the time that Bernard was riding out of the inn yard, there was the ordinary stir of waking in Skeffington village. The women were up first; you knew it by the smoke that went up from the cottages, first of all in thick, rolling puffs, then steadying to thin fingers of vapour as the flames below got hold of the kindling, till each stood still with hardly a quiver, straight up into the still air.

That was all quite as usual, but when the men got up and about, things were not as usual. For, by the time the sun looked out of a burning orange haze across the brown ploughlands, instead of the fields being scattered here and there with men digging or driving the plough-teams, the fields were empty, and the village street was full of uneasy, shifting clumps of men. Of course, there was reason, for George Berney himself lay helpless up at the Hall, and Jake the Steward had gone with a dozen men to fetch young Bernard; and Jake's nephew, who was under-steward, had taken seven men from the Hall to St. Luke's Fair. George Berney had given them their orders from inside the green and brown curtains of the big bed in the room over the solar, and had paid out the money to them from the bags that Jake had stowed under his pillows.

So there was no one in Skeffington to-day to set the serfs to their work. Later in the morning a few did go off to the fields, but all day long there were men hanging about the village, and, now and again, by twos or threes, they would go up and stare at the thing which a week ago had been Watkin. They would look at it, and at the gallows, a new gallows, neat and strong and well pitched against the winter rains, and then would go back to their uneasy idling in the village street. Even the men working in the fields were bitten by that same unease; they would stop and look over their shoulders, and listen towards the village, as though there might be something to hear or see down there; but there was nothing to see except the gathering and breaking up of the clots of men, and nothing to hear, for those men did not speak out loud.

So the day wore on, with clear, clean sunshine, until in the afternoon a brown cloud rose and dirtied and dimmed the sun, and a colourless mist blotted every distance.

The day was long in passing for George Berney, lying helpless on his back, and as stiff as a board because of the bandages wound so tight round his body, lest the bleeding should begin again. The only thing that he could do was to watch the slow shifting of the light across the walls and floor of the room, and to listen the live-long day to the sounds in the house and outside. And there were few sounds to hear; in the room below were Elizabeth and her women, but the tapping of the loom had stopped at noon, and after that there was no sound from the solar. Now and again he heard the voices of the serving-women down in the yard, but the whole place was empty and very quiet; of men there were only old blind Robin, shepherd, and Alan the cripple and a couple of lads.

But early in the afternoon George Berney heard the dogs bark, and then the tread of a horse; it was not on the road, but on grass, therefore the rider must have come by the path from Piggott Wood, and through Piggott Wood was the shortest way between Gretton and Skeffington.

[*Continued overleaf.*

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

*Here's a modest bathing-girl of 1906, anxiously peering round to see if any indiscreet eye will spy on her as she steps from her bathing-machine. It's* PHYLLIS CALVERT, *attired in a spotted wool bathing-dress, with a tunic skirt and "plus fours," in the seaside sequence of Twentieth Century's film version of H. G. Wells's novel "Kipps."*

*For comparison with the 1906 bathing-dress, here's a swim-suit of 1941. It's worn by* RITA HAYWORTH, *Columbia star appearing in "Angels Over Broadway," and consists of a gleaming white shark-skin pinafore suit.*

# SWIM-SUITABILITY—1906 AND 1941.

*Continued.*]

George Berney lay, chewing at his lips and staring askance at the curtain-rings above his head. Here he was, helpless, and below in the solar, he was sure of it, just below him Humphrey Gretton sat by Elizabeth, feeding his eyes on her under his hand, or sprawling on a cushion beside her knee, and on the sly, when neither of her women was looking, pressing her foot under the folds of her yellow gown. Or perhaps she had even sent her women away, knowing how safely she might play the wanton for a while. But only for a while, he thought; when this wound was healed, she would be sorry she had ever seen Humphrey Gretton.

It must have been about two in the afternoon when he dropped asleep, but when he woke it was too dark to see the red and green patterns on the ceiling beams, or the flowery trellis on the painted canvas round the walls.

Strange! They ought to have brought him lights and his supper an hour ago. He fumbled impatiently for the old flail-shaft that lay beside him on the bed, and when he had found it he beat on the floor of the room, and then waited, listening.

No one came, and there was no sound.

He laid hold on the flail again, and hammered again on the floor, and then stopped, because he felt his wound smart and the blood trickle warm. And still there was no answer to him.

Then, as he lay there, fretting with rage, suddenly a child's fear touched him, as though something had laid on him a single light, chill finger. Had they all gone and left him here helpless? He laughed the fright away, and in the midst of the laugh caught his breath in an utter panic fear, because there was a soft step outside the door. The door opened slowly. He lay with his head turned towards it, waiting.

He saw his wife's face, indistinct in the dusk, a white thing with dark shadows for eyes and a dark shadow for her mouth, that was a little open. The pale silk of her wired head-dress blew inward upon the draught, but she did not move; she only stayed there, a full minute, watching him; she did not speak, and in the same silence he watched her.

Then she withdrew her head, the door moved slowly back, and the latch clicked softly.

George Berney lay rigid. He knew now what he waited for—while they watched each other the knowledge had come—and he knew himself completely helpless. Yet, he thought desperately, if only his heart would stop that horrible great beating, he would be able to master the fear. But it would not stop; and, besides that, there was a little light clicking noise somewhere in the room that was another fear. It was some minutes before he realised that the sound was made by the rattle of the curtain-rings on the pole, and that it was his own trembling that shook them.

Even the thickening dark was against him; it was a living thing that buzzed in his ears; he raised his hands once, and tried to thrust it away, but it was no use. So all he could do was to lie still, straining with all his strength to hear . . . to hear the first sound of their coming.

Once only he turned his head to listen to another sound, with a sudden great flush of hope. It was a sound from far away, outside the house, of men shouting confusedly. Distance made it sweet and plaintive, so that it was like the sound of lambs crying in the spring. For a minute he was certain that it was Jake; Jake would be here in time. But the shouting died, and minutes passed, and there was no sound of horsemen on the road.

Below, in the solar, Elizabeth Berney sat, clutching at Humphrey Gretton's fine dark-green diapered velvet gown, her face hidden on his shoulder. His arm was round her, but his broad, comely face was frowning, and he had little thought of her just then. Neither of them had spoken since she came back, sliding through the door, and latching it again as softly as she had latched the door of the room above. He had asked her then: "Is he asleep?"; and she had whispered "No," though there was no one who could hear them.

After that they had sat, waiting, except for a moment when that distant sound of shouting had sent him quick to the window, to open the shutters and listen till it died away in the misty stillness outside.

At last, after that long silence, Elizabeth Berney spoke, with one hand plucking and wandering at her breast.

"We must . . . now," she said.

They went up the stairs. Humphrey went first, she after, carrying the branched candlestick from the solar, but her hand shook so that the flames rocked and twisted and made the stairs writhe under their feet. George Berney heard them. He heard the latch lift, and saw the door swing open and let in a widening wedge of light.

It was just then that young Bernard, with fear hard at his heels, fled in under the open gate-house, and stood a moment, staring about the empty, dark yard. He was breathless with running, bruised and sore with the toss he had taken when the big grey went down, and all bewildered still with the shouts, the stampede of the horses, and the sudden slaughter that had caught them in the woods. When he had found himself rolling on the ground, with the darkness round him full of noises, he had not thought, he had simply picked himself up and bolted for home like a rabbit to its burrow.

And here he stood, staring about him. There was one window lit, a window in the tower where a light shook and trembled. He raced for the tower stairs, and up, and stood in the open doorway of that room—and saw.

Inside the room, sprawling half-across the pillows of the bed, his father lay, his black beard very black against a wide, bright bloodstain. At the foot of the bed a man stood who wiped his cheek, and wiped a knife, and left the sheet smeared with the same red. And closer to Bernard a woman stooped over the dead thing on the bed; one hand was at her breast, and the other held out away from her a branched candlestick, so slanted that the wax dripped and fell in heavy gouts to the floor. And as he watched, the woman stooped lower and spat into the dead face.

That was what Bernard came home to. He looked and gulped, and gave a small cry and then turned and fled. Anything under the open sky was better than the spattered blood and shaking candlelight within the walls of that room that had a shambles smell.

He was out of the gate and running blind and straight into the dark, when he heard shouts before him, and saw unsteady lights swirling through the bare trees in front. He ran on, his thought, if it was a thought, that here was Jake coming. So he met them, the drunken, lurching, blood-mad crowd of serfs as they came on, with torches tossing, and scythes and sharpened stakes over their shoulders, and heads on some of the stakes.

Neither the child nor they had much sense left. He ran full tilt into the first line, and was caught and held. But when they heard him screaming only: "Up! Come up and burn them out. Burn them out!", they did not question who he was, but one big fellow tossed him up on his shoulder and the mob bore on.

That was how Bernard came to stand and see his own house burn. He saw the whole work of that night; saw the first wavering flames go up from the burning thatch and tower, and spread. He saw, too, the human creatures that tried to run out from that bonfire, and when the serfs felled them, it was Bernard that screamed, "Conies in the corn! Conies in the corn!", and rocked with laughter while the serfs took up the cry.

The end of it came before the first grey foreshadowing of dawn. The King's Steward of the Vale came crashing out of the woods with a score of mounted men-at-arms and down on the serfs, and off into the woods again, chasing and hewing.

But of that chase Bernard knew nothing. Someone had knocked him over in the first rush, and he did not get up again; he was too tired, and the wet grass tussock was cool and soft under his cheek. Somewhere near a man was ceaselessly whimpering, and all round from the woods there were shouts and cries that broke and trailed into shrieks, but these things troubled Bernard not at all; for a few hours his life was blotted out by sleep as utterly as the great company of stars was blotted out above by the thick cloud-wrack.

At last, when the dull, sluggish morning came, he woke, and sighed, and sat up shivering miserably. He woke, as he had foreseen, at home at Skeffington, the same boy who had ridden out in yesterday's frosty, shining air. But now, to-morrow was to-day.

THE END.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This Periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

# GIELGUD REHEARSES HIS ALL-STAR "DEAR BRUTUS" REVIVAL.

JOHN GIELGUD as *Mr. Dearth, with his "dream daughter," Margaret* (MURIEL PAVLOW).

MARGARET RAWLINGS *(left) and* NORA SWINBURNE *watching a rehearsal. They play Mrs. Dearth and Mrs. Purdie.*

ZENA DARE *(background; who plays Lady Caroline) watches* RONALD WARD *and* NORA SWINBURNE *rehearsing.*

URSULA JEANS, ROGER LIVESEY, JOHN GIELGUD *and* NORA SWINBURNE. *Miss Jeans and Mr. Livesey play Joanna Trout and Matey.*

JANUARY 20 is the date fixed for the revival of Sir John Barrie's venerable comedy "DEAR BRUTUS," produced by JOHN GIELGUD, who will play the leading part of John Dearth, created by the late Sir Gerald du Maurier in the original production at Wyndham's in 1917, when Faith Celli played the "dream daughter," a part now taken by Muriel Pavlow. The other members of the cast include such celebrated actors and actresses as Zena Dare, Roger Livesey, Leon Quartermaine, Margaret Rawlings, Ursula Jeans, George Howe and Mary Jerrold. "Dear Brutus" has twice before been revived—in 1922 and in 1929. It takes its title from the quotation "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars . . .", and the play presents a company of people who desire to live their lives over again, but when given a chance to do this, by entering the magic wood, discover that they themselves, not Fate, must take responsibility for failure.

*Right:* ZENA DARE, RONALD WARD *(Mr. Purdie),* LEON QUARTERMAINE *(Mr. Coade),* MARGARET RAWLINGS, NORA SWINBURNE *and* GEORGE HOWE *(Lob) (l. to r.).*

# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"AND how is the New Year treating you, Sir?" The Subaltern politely enquired.

"Much the same as everybody is treating me, thank you," replied The Broker. "It is the driest New Year I've ever struck."

"I thought you told me," The Jobber intervened, "that your wine merchants offered you a good profit on that five-and-twenty dozen of port you bought from them last autumn?"

"They did. And we dealt. It's the only profit I've made in the last six months."

"So now you're a bear of the port and a bull of the cash. What did you do with the money, if that's not a rude question?"

"It is, as a matter of fact. If you work out the amount that the wine cost, you'll find the money doesn't come to nearly as much as it sounds. I have paid my Income Tax with part of it, and put by the balance for a rainy day."

"Brewery shares, or Distillers, should be an appropriate investment for the half you've kept back."

"I didn't say it was half, did I? Some of it may go into War Savings Certificates for the grand-children."

"In our lot," said The Subaltern, "each of us buys a stamp every week, and we have a sweep for the certificate."

"Some of the City offices do that, too. It's not a bad idea. But what the country really wants is the Big money. Chunks of it."

"The Treasury raked in about 440 million pounds in the previous 2½ per cent. National Government bonds. Pretty good going for six months, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but not quite good enough. Probably the rate of interest was too small to make the bonds generally attractive. After all, people must live, you know."

"I don't know why some of them should——"

"Don't the new Savings Bonds give 3 per cent.?"

"They do, and the Government is wise enough to see that 3 per cent. appeals to a far wider circle than 2½ per cent. does. Those New Threes are going to be very popular, unless I do greatly err."

"Do they affect the price of War Loan?" asked The Subaltern. "I've got a little of that, through being a lucky legatee. Ought it to be sold?"

"Certainly not," The Broker answered decidedly. "One of the best stocks of its kind."

"But with no fixed date of repayment," objected The City Editor. "And from the patriotic point of view, one surely should subscribe to the new bonds rather than buy War Stock."

"That wasn't the question. Our gallant friend——"

"Only a one-pipper," he protested with a blush.

"Wants to know whether he ought to sell his present holding of War Stock."

"In order to subscribe for the new issues, I take it?"

"That's the scheme, Sir. Is there any object in it?"

"None that I can see. If you sell, a buyer has to be found for your War Loan, so how can your country be any the better off? What they call new money is the only thing that matters to the Government."

"I can't save much out of my eleven bob a day," The Subaltern sighed.

"Don't you worry yourself about that," The Engineer advised. "You're doing your bit, and when you get the three pips, you may be able to buy a few extra savings stamps."

"And there will be yet another five shillings as soon as they put you on the staff," The City Editor added. "Gracious me! You will soon be getting more than any of us here."

"Earning it, too," The Jobber declared. "I was a staff captain in the last war, and I reckoned the work was equal to that of four adjutants. Or say three; not to be too picturesque."

"The trouble," said The Broker, "is that there's so little room for speculation in these days. You can play about with Canadas or Tractions or Western Holdings——"

"Or Home Railway stocks."

"Yes, if you don't mind getting caught rather badly either way. Besides, there's so limited a market in most of them that you have to deal at wide prices, and you get snookered by them if you're not very careful."

"You wouldn't sell Home Rails just now? The dividends next month are sure to be good."

"I wouldn't sell them: no. But I was thinking of the stocks as speculative propositions. When you do make a profit, there's no eight-and-sixpence in the pound to pay as Income Tax."

"Some of those South African mining shares ought to go better when the dividends are paid at the beginning of next month."

"They will go better: I feel sure of that——"

"You can't be sure of anything in our place," The Jobber held. "If you could, I should go outside my own market, and lay in a few shipping shares. Scope for talent there."

"I still wish I were able to subscribe a decent whack to the latest Government loans," and again The Subaltern sighed. "Do you think that if I were able to sell the stock beforehand at just enough premium to pay the interest on the loan, the bank might put up the money for me? I wouldn't want any profit for myself."

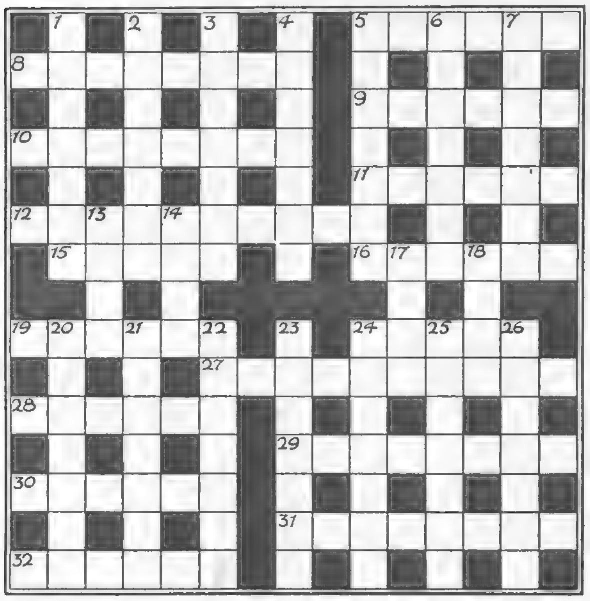
"Young man," The Broker answered, "you are not by any means the first one to have asked that ingenious question."

"And the answer is——"

"If we had some ham," laughed The Broker, "couldn't we have some lovely ham and eggs if we had any eggs!"

*Friday, Jan. 10, 1941*

## "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



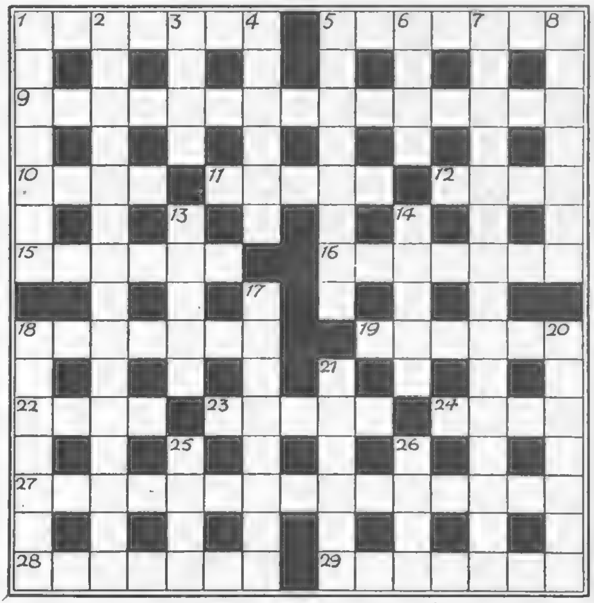
ACROSS.

5. An article in duplicate for this Cover (6).
8. A busybody and a fairy fill most of this floral envelope (8).
9. Not necessarily an epithet for a housebreaker (6).
10. See No. 28 Across (three words; 2, 3, 3).
11. The haunt in the meadow is very dull (6).
12. Deep-rooted (10).
15. A Southern gentleman (5).
16. Fish-beheaded dissolves! (6).
19. This pair of sailors are pretty fierce (6).
24. Change is subsequently changed (5).
27. "Untie Canes" (Anagram) (10).
28. In this one might see No. 5 down No. 10 Across (6).
29. From the best of schools (8).
30. A low fellow starts falling gently (6).
31. Declare but with little weight (8).
32. Spears represented (6).

DOWN.

1. Flags (7).
2. Burst forth or dart (7).
3. The war worker in control disturbed the assailant (7).
4. Warm article in the first place (7).
5. See No. 28 Across (7).
6. Tell the tale! (7).
7. Projection finally suspended (7).
13. Change always and thus change direction (4).
14. With a slightly different finish this ancient garment is revealed as modern kit (4).
17. Oriental servant (4).
18. An ancient English Court (4).
20. Associated with the 40 thieves (two words; 3, 4).
21. They can raise a nap (7).
22. To the engraver this means to cut deeper (7).
23. E.g., 6 (7).
24. Statement (7).
25. Roman historian (7).
26. Play all over again (7).

## "THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



ACROSS.

1. It's hot stuff to get No. 26 Down in the mire (7).
5. The superficial justice of Shakespeare (7).
9. The sign of the pledge! (three words; 5, 5, 5).
10. "We thought her dying when she No. 13, And sleeping when she died" (————) (4).
11. Part of Arabia (5).
12. By no means the only fish in the sea (4).
15. A spinster's run? (6).
16. How hornets may be cut down (7).
18. A suggestion of fish-cake in the medicine chest (7).
19. A city easily looted (6).
22. Hamlet's home without the wrought iron (4).
23. Disgrace, though it seems to deny it (5).
24. Bundle of mischief (4).
27. These, of course, have been heard by most buyers (two words; 10, 5).
28. Collared and annoyed (7).
29. Author giving incomplete instructions as to where to get wed (7).

DOWN.

1. Red-headed facsimiles (7).
2. "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!" he said, ". . . and so was he"! (three words; 3, 4, 8).
3. Fellows of the highest medical category? (4).
4. Noah's vessel is in retreat (6).
5. Uncertainty that has been the death of many a gallows bird (8).
6. Syriac bishop (4).
7. Obviously not the Maid of the Mountains (four words; 4, 2, 3, 6).
8. You and I on the poop (7).
13. See No. 10 Across (5).
14. Two dots in Panama (5).
17. Minute description of how the dog was docked? (8).
18. Boxer on the Dee (7).
20. A bit of cricket and a bit of tennis (7).
21. Ireland's insect border (6).
25. Lot of wood? (4).
26. See No. 1 Across (4).

# NOTTINGHAM'S VERY LUPINO "ALADDIN" WITH PAT KIRKWOOD AS PRINCIPAL GIRL.

"ALADDIN," at the Nottingham Theatre Royal, is produced by Lupino Lane, in conjunction with Tom Arnold, and has a cast which contains a large number of that famous theatrical family, the Lupinos, who trace their descent from the dancer, George Richard Eastcourt Lupino (1710-1787), and have for generations produced actors, acrobats, dancers, and managers.

*Left:* *The scene in the Widow Twankey's laundry, in the Nottingham* "ALADDIN."

LUPINO LANE *and his son,* LAURI LANE, *as Aladdin and Policeman Hi-Li, in Widow Twankey's receiving office.*

*Aladdin* (LUPINO LANE) *gets into a mess in the Widow Twankey's receiving office.*

BARRY LUPINO *as the Widow Twankey with So-Shi* (TONIE LUPINO).

*The Vizier* (WALLACE LUPINO) *has a little chat with the Widow* (BARRY LUPINO).

*Left:* *Aladdin* (LUPINO LANE) *has a lovely time with the Princess* (PAT KIRKWOOD).

*Right:* PAT KIRKWOOD, *of "Black Velvet" fame, with Aladdin* (LUPINO LANE).

WOMEN

IN

WARTIME

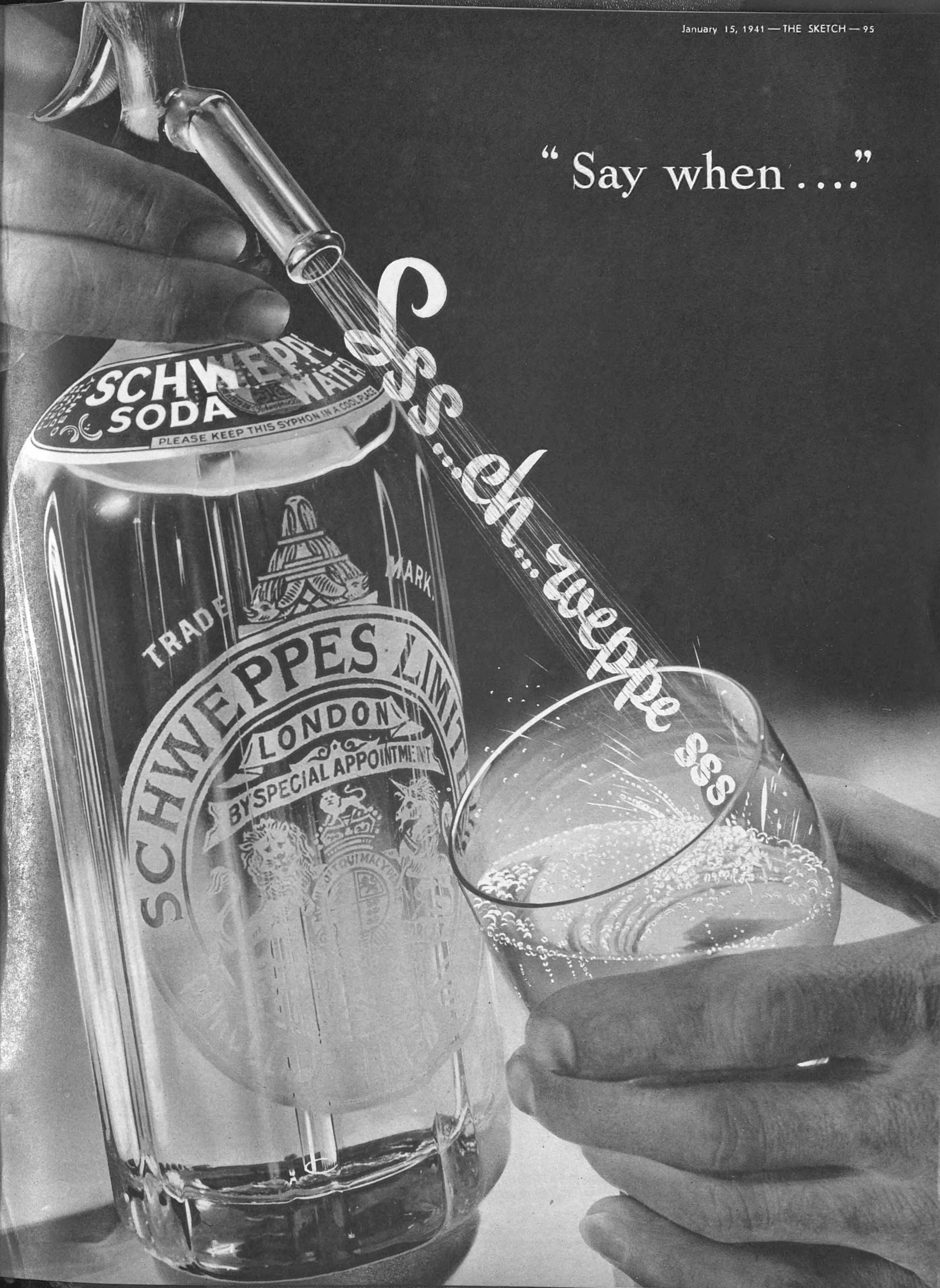
# CLOTHES CAN BE INVESTMENTS

## SUITS AND FUR COATS

IN spite of gloomy prophecies, tweeds are as good as ever, and they are being chosen this spring for practical suits designed to last. Details are interesting—pocket flaps, broad shoulders and the skilful use of crossways checks. Fenwick, 63, New Bond Street, have a very varied collection, from as little as 5½ guineas. Their model above has a Norfolk action back and a pleated skirt with plenty of walking room. Some of their suits are in checks, some in herring-bone weaves, but all the patterns are unobtrusive and easy to wear. Fenwick's also have the right accessories, including hats and handbags.

A FUR coat is a fashion investment, one that will pay dividends in good looks and hard wear. The City Fur Store has moved for the duration of the war to 7-8, Queen's Buildings, Fishergate, Preston, Lancs. They still have a large stock of furs of all kinds: hard-wearing skins for the country and softer types for town. Their model on the left is beautifully worked in dyed Canadian squirrel, with a full, easy swing from the shoulders. It costs 59 guineas. Write to the Preston address for details of their various other models.

"Say when...."


SCHWEPPES
SODA WATER
PLEASE KEEP THIS SYPHON IN A COOL PLACE
Sss...ch...weppe sss
TRADE MARK
SCHWEPPES LIMITED
LONDON
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXII.

### A STRANGE CASE OF NO COMMON SENSE.

ONLY the other day I was saying, in reply to a contemporary, that the reason why average players show so little intelligence—I mean in the card-playing line, of course—is because all common (card) sense is knocked out of them by learning, studying and memorising bidding systems and conventions. This fact was brought home to me well and hard when playing a friendly contest in the country the other day. It was some new kind of tournament affair, where partners are paired off by a draw out of a hat, which in a way is a good idea and adds a little excitement to the proceedings. As we sat down to our allotted table I was told on the quiet that I had been lucky in having drawn the best partner in the room. "There 's nothing your partner does not know about contract," I was told. That was good news, but my faith in partner was somewhat shaken when I was put through the usual examination on the bidding. "What shall we play, partner?" "Anything you like," I said. "Oh, no—*you* choose, please." "How about no system at all?" "That 's absurd! We must play some system. So please will you say what." "Well, then, one club." "Of course, if you insist, but I personally prefer two clubs." "Certainly," I said, "two clubs, by all means." From which little conversation you will, no doubt, guess the sex of my partner. I did not delve deeper into what type of two-club we were to play. I did not want to complicate things; after all, it was a friendly game and I just hoped my partner would never hold a two-club opening bid, and that neither would I!

The first hand was dealt as follows:

SPADES—Q, 10, 3, 2. CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10, 8, 2.
HEARTS—3, 2. DIAMONDS—3, 2.

N

SPADES—K. SPADES—A, Kn, 9, 8, 4.
HEARTS—10, 9, 8, 7. W E HEARTS—A, Q, 6.
CLUBS—A, 9, 7, 3. CLUBS—6, 5.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9, 8. DIAMONDS—A, K, Q.

S

SPADES—7, 6, 5. CLUBS—K, 4.
HEARTS—K, Kn, 5, 4. DIAMONDS—7, 6, 5, 4.

The contract was three no-trumps by *West*. This was arrived at by one of those conventional bids that so often throw the no-trump play into the wrong hand. In any event, the contract obviously is a bad one, but that does not concern us at the moment. My partner, North, led the queen of clubs; I, South, played the king and took the trick, led back the four, taken by the eight, and the ten led, on which East cast a spade and West took with his ace. The three top diamonds were played, and West came back to his own hand with the king of spades and led his last diamond. On this East discarded his six of hearts, South having shed the two of hearts and the two of clubs. West now led a heart and finessed the queen in the East hand. My king won, so we had won three tricks and needed two more to save the game.

This was the position:

SPADES—Q, 10, 3. CLUBS—Kn.
HEARTS—None. DIAMONDS—None.

N

SPADES—None. SPADES—A, Kn, 9.
HEARTS—9, 8, 7. W E HEARTS—A.
CLUBS—9. CLUBS—None.
DIAMONDS—None. DIAMONDS—None.

S

SPADES—7. CLUBS—None.
HEARTS—Kn, 5, 4. DIAMONDS—None.

It was my lead and naturally I led a heart to East's ace, when the game must be saved with one spade and the best club. But must it? My partner paused quite a little and then threw the knave of clubs! East now made the clever lead of the nine of spades; North had to win and lead another, East making ace, knave. I could not help asking my partner why on earth she had not kept queen, ten of spades and the knave of clubs. "Because I thought the dummy [East] hand was bound to lead the ace of spades, *and then I would make queen, ten*"!

### SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, JANUARY 8.

#### "THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Victory. 6. Gestapo. 11. Horse-collar. 12. Squib. 14. Act. 15. Arras. 17. Purls. 18. Grade. 19. Eels. 20. Anger. 22. Ends. 23. Odds. 25. Rend. 27. Stymie. 28. Dei. 29. Etna. 31. Tornado. 33. Rot. 35. Huron. 36. Another. 38. Oranges. 40. Itma. 41. Scuttled. 43. Ditto. 45. Cos. 46. Earns. 48. Mole. 49. R.G.A. 50. Stoat. 51. Emerge. 52. Wad. 53. Ensue.

DOWN.—1. Vespers. 2. Churl. 3. Toilsome. 4. Orbs. 5. Yearns. 6. Got her! 7. Slag. 8. Tarred. 9. Arran. 10. Obsessions. 13. Question time. 16. Addled. 20. Aden. 21. Recourt. 24. Ditch. 26. Narrates. 28. Dangerous. 30. Airscrew. 31. Thousand. 32. Non-Latin. 33. Raid. 34. Tomtom. 37. Tatler. 39. Edna. 42. Cog. 44. O'er. 47. Stye.

#### "THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

ACROSS.—1. Lady's Maid. 6. Widow. 9. Turbans. 10. Silence. 11. Taffy. 12. Zealously. 14. Teal. 15. Roller. 17. Player. 19. Banshee. 20. Pull Up. 22. Adjust. 24. Post. 26. Affiliate. 27. Atoll. 28. Evident. 29. Replica. 30. Digit. 31. Reticence.

DOWN.—1. Let it drop. 2. Direful. 3. Shaky. 4. Assize. 5. Dismal. 6. Well-oiled. 7. Dynasty. 8. Weedy. 13. Earshot. 14. Trap. 16. Ebullient. 17. Peat. 18. Retaliate. 21. Lifting. 23. Utopian. 24. Pastor. 25. Secret. 26. Ahead. 27. Aspic.


READY NOW

VEGETABLES

| | Size 1 | Size 2 | Size 3 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Garden Peas | 9½d. | 1/3 | 2/3½ |
| Asparagus | 2/3½ | 3/10 | |
| Brussels Sprouts | | 1/3 | |
| Spinach | 9½d. | | |
| Cucumber | 1/6 (whole) 10½d. (sliced) | | |

FRUITS

| | Size 1 | Size 2 |
|---|---|---|
| Raspberries, Strawberries, Loganberries | 1/2½ | 2/1 |
| Blackcurrants | 1/6½ | 2/7 |
| Gooseberries | | 1/0½ |

Smedley's
FRESH frozen FOODS

Smedley's Fresh Frozen Foods are not cooked. They come to you Frozen Fresh in special waxed cartons ready for use.

The fruits simply have to be taken out of the carton and placed in a colander over a dish. Allow to thaw slowly according to the directions on the carton. The juice caught in the dish is pure cane sugar and the fruit in the colander is as perfect as if picked in the garden in summer.

The vegetables are frozen solid in their natural state. No thawing is necessary; simply empty into boiling water and cook in the usual way.

ASK TO SEE THE GOOD THINGS IN THE SMEDLEY CABINET AT ALL LEADING STORES, GROCERS, AND FRUITERERS.

Head Office: Smedleys, Canners, Wisbech, Cambs. 'Phone: Wisbech 156
London Office: Smedleys, Wallace House, Wardour St., W.1 'Phone: GERrard 6288



48 PAGES OF PICTURES
8 PAGES IN COLOUR

This 48-page Souvenir, published by "The SPHERE," is ready now and deals comprehensively with the most popular of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas. MANY PAGES IN FULL COLOUR SHOWING SCENERY AND COSTUMES WILL BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE TO THE AMATEUR COMPANY. This delightful souvenir will make a fine gift. Order your copies now.

*Orders with remittance should be sent to:*
The Publisher, The SPHERE, 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.
*Price 3/10 per copy. Post free.*

HATS BY
Battersby
LONDON

CVS 319



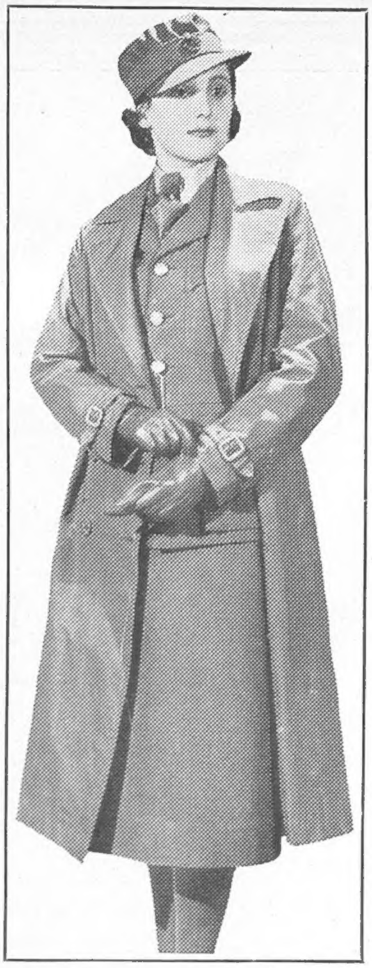
Beauty ★
and DUTY

Whether you're in civvies, or in uniform . . . you'll feel confident that your hair is always at its best—immaculate in a Venida Hair Net. Invisible—yet its strength keeps tendrils tidy.

from Boots
Leading Stores & Perfumiers

VENIDA
The Guaranteed HAIR NET
VENIDA LTD., 60, Poland St., London, W.1





Auxiliary
To
Smartness . . .

Burberry A.T.S. Weatherproofs, Greatcoats and Uniforms. In best quality materials, skilfully tailored, they are the embodiment of martial clothes perfection and weather security for women in uniform.

*Full particulars and prices on request.*
*Please mention* The SKETCH.
*'Grams:*
Burberry, Lesquare, London.
*'Phone:* WHI 3343.

BURBERRYS LTD.
HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1
*Aldershot and Basingstoke.*



## WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AND HEADACHY

Don't let work or worry get you down. There's no need to come home tired out and with a head that's fit to burst. And it's no good just taking something to relieve the pain. What you've been doing has brought on what doctors call an "acid condition" and if you want to get fresh and alert you *must* correct that acidity.

Here's the way to do it. Take a sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' 'Bromo-Seltzer's' a wonderful two-fold remedy. It contains no aspirin and has no awkward laxative effect, but it overcomes the worst headache like magic, and it definitely counteracts the acidity at the same time. Next time you have a headache or feel tired and listless, take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer.' You'll be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will *be* better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any Chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried get your money back.


## THE SKETCH IN WARTIME

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of "THE SKETCH" each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy, and in future no periodicals can be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

Those desiring to have "THE SKETCH" sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated London News & Sketch Ltd., 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder :—

**Published at 1/- Weekly.**

| | Twelve months, including Xmas Number. | Six months, including Xmas Number. | Six months, no extras. | Three months, no extras. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Inland | £ s. d. 3 3 0 | £ s. d. 1 12 9 | £ s. d. 1 10 6 | s. d. 15 3 |
| Canada | £ s. d. 3 0 8 | £ s. d. 1 11 6 | £ s. d. 1 9 3 | s. d. 14 9 |
| Elsewhere Abroad | £ s. d. 3 6 6 | £ s. d. 1 14 6 | £ s. d. 1 12 0 | s. d. 16 0 |

The above terms are inclusive of postage


# THE ROYAL NAVY
## Completely illustrated and described

*"The Navy is to-day, as it always has been in our history, the first line of defence of these islands and of that Great Empire which was built up by the toil and the enterprise of our fathers."*
Mr. Neville Chamberlain, on the 31st of January, 1940.

This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

"British Warships," a book of panorama proportions (size 19 x 12½), contains photogravure reproductions of every Battleship, Battle Cruiser, Aircraft Carrier and Cruiser in the British Navy, as well as illustrations of every type of Destroyer, Submarine, Escort Vessel and other small craft.

A full list (and in many cases explanatory diagrams) of every ship in the Royal Navy, Royal Australian Navy, Royal Canadian Navy, Royal Indian Navy and the New Zealand Navy, with its displacement, complement, dimensions, speed, guns, builders and date of completion, is given in this remarkable 48-page book, making it not only an exceptionally beautiful pictorial record, but also a work of reference invaluable to all who are interested in our first line of defence.

**Fourth and FINAL impression will be ready shortly, so ORDER NOW.**

*Bound in a leather-finish cover* *Price* **3/6** *Each* *By Post, Inland and Abroad* 4/-

*Can be ordered from principal booksellers or direct from :—*

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 32, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON.



STOP THAT COLD WITH
VAPEX

*From your Chemist, 2/3 & 3/4*
*including Purchase Tax*
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO · LTD
V204
THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS



IN GREY OWL'S MEMORY

"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.

*Write for WHITE LIST of Fur Crusade & Humane Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Advts.*

MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester

# *from* LONDON!

A PRESENT FROM LONDON . . . the city that stands and suffers that the world may be saved from slavery.

To a friend far away, no other paper in the world can mean so much as a weekly copy of The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

What a gift! So easily given, so easily sent. A gift of wide horizons that will enable your friends to see a *truthful* portrayal of the terrific events which are happening whilst civilization passes through the fire.

To be pictorially well-informed, entertained and impressed means a weekly sight of the world's greatest illustrated newspaper. Within its pages your friends will see pictures which no other paper in the world will publish. It will be a great gift of lasting pleasure . . . a weekly reminder of your thoughtfulness.

Let our Publisher do what is necessary. He can dispatch—no wrapping—no posting—no worry for you.

Just send him your cheque, the name of your friend or relative, and don't forget to state your own name so that he may append it to the first copy sent . . . WITH YOUR GOOD WISHES FOR 1941.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Twelve months, including Christmas Number

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Inland | .. .. | £3. 3. 0. |
| Abroad | .. .. | £3. 6. 6. |
| Canada | .. .. | £3. 0. 8. |

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

WRITE TO THE PUBLISHER, 32 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4


Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Wednesday, January 15, 1941. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.